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HOW TO MAKE HER SUBMIT

FEBRUARY 2015 $8.99 U.S.

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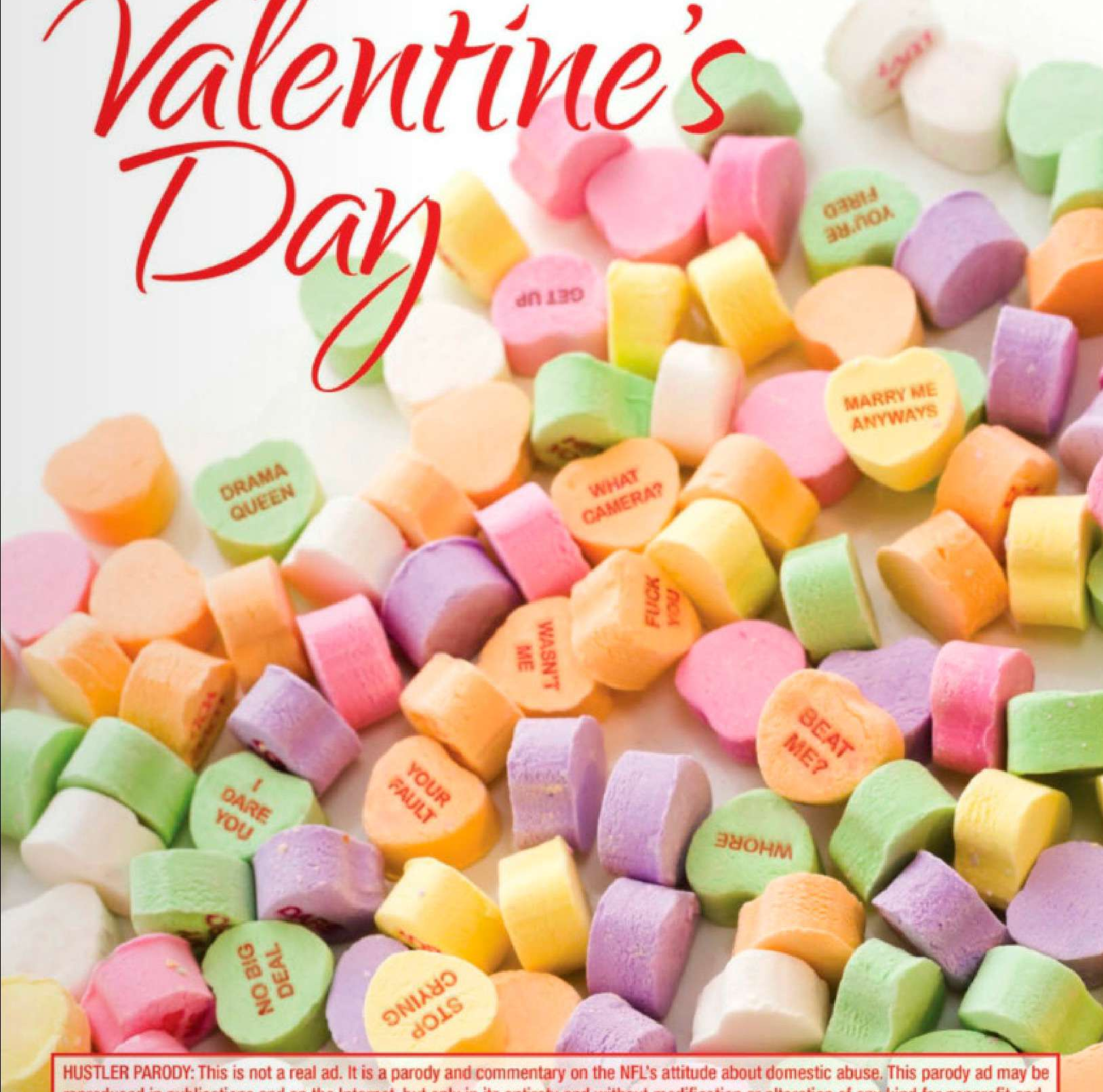
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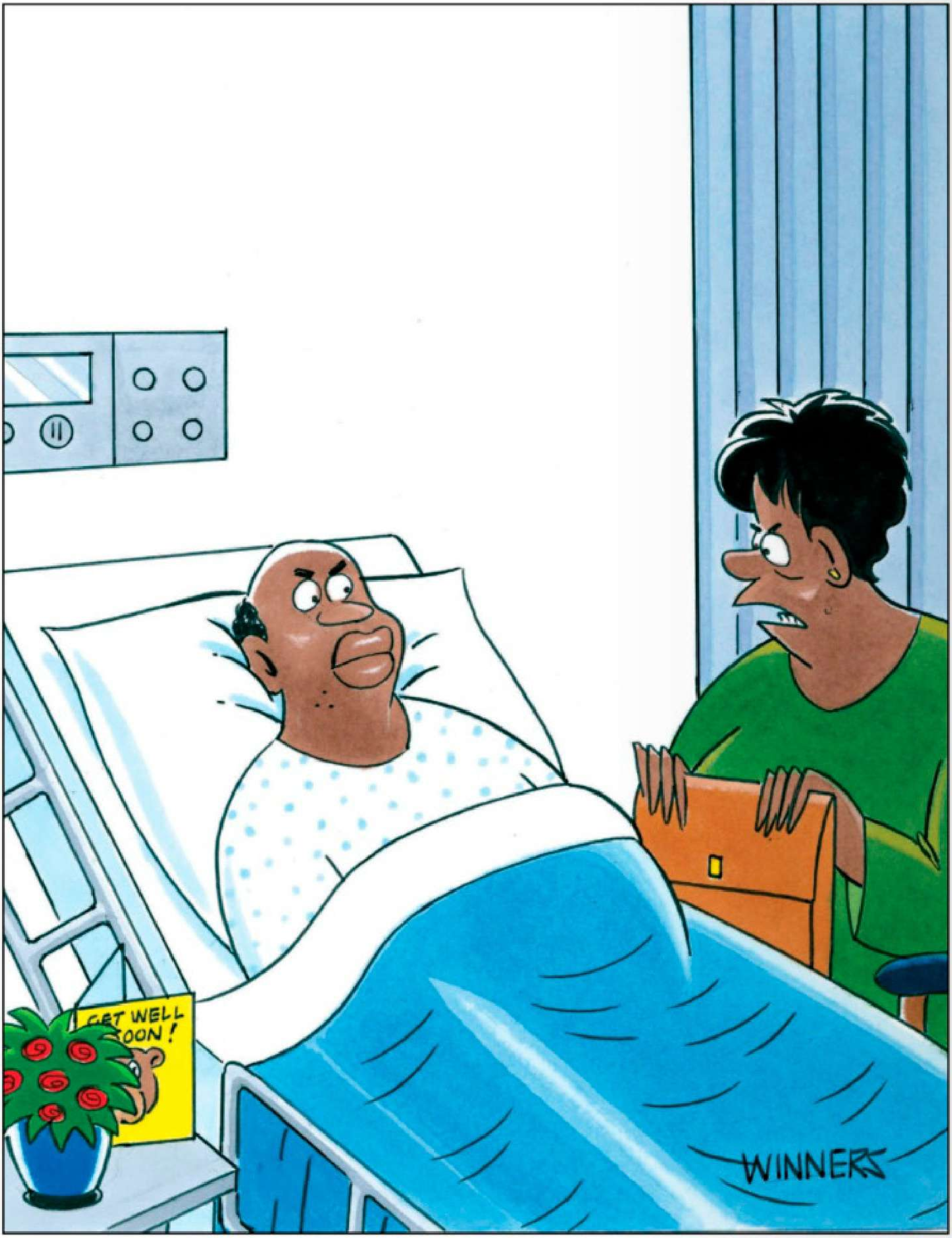
GET WELL SOON!
WINNERS

"Either get well soon or hurry up and die! It's costing me a damn fortune, running back and forth to this hospital!"

FEBRUARY 2015
Volume 41 Number 9
HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM

HUSTLER

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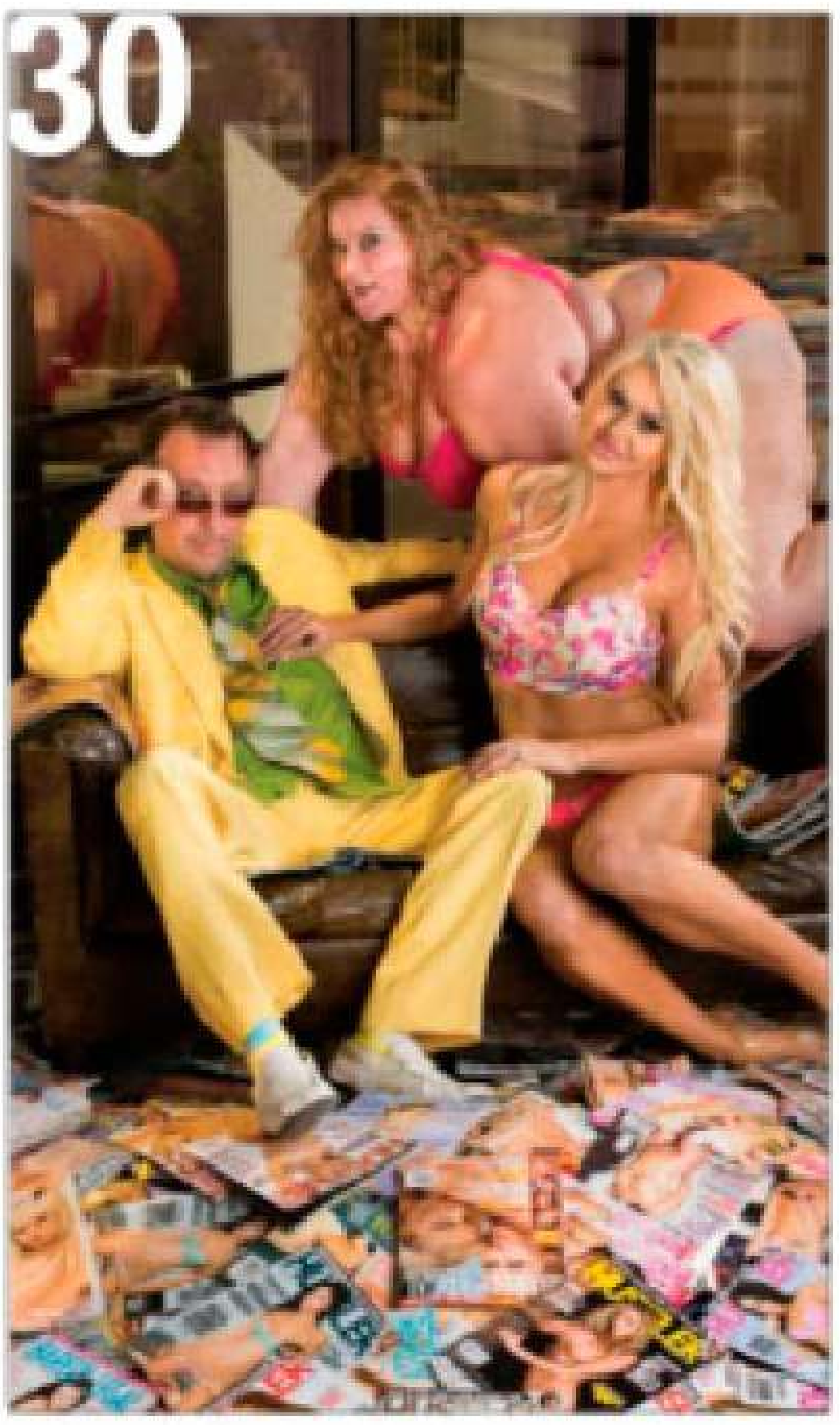
108 **JAILHOUSE LESBIANS**
Listen up, all you wayward gals: This is the right way to pay your debt to society. Even if you never ate pussy in your life, you'll be a true jailhouse muffdiver by the time you get out. That's what we call good behavior.



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Contributing Photographers
Tammy Sands
DigitalDesire.com
Larry Flynt Productions
Suze Randall

Records & Archives
Sean Berrios *Supervisor of Records and Documents*
David Carrillo *Recordkeeper/Archivist*

Network Systems
Andrea Landrum *Network Systems Director*

Production
Gina J. Lee *Production Director*
Shannon Poe *Production Coordinator*

Advertising
Mickey Puyda *National Sales Consultant*
323-951-7907, HustlerAdSales@lfp.com
Wendy Camacho *Advertising Production Coordinator*

Subscriptions Customer Service: *323-651-2348*

HustlerSub.com

Gerry Awang *Vice-President, Circulation & Distribution*

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Cover photo by Digital Desire

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THE WAR ON WOMEN RAGES ON

I know a lot of people think this idea of conservatives waging a war on women is just a load of campaign talk. It isn't. And it isn't new either.

Women's rights are under serious, sustained attack, not only by the media assholes that populate Fox News and other right-wing outlets, but also by legislators in a position to draft policies that have a real effect on women's daily lives.

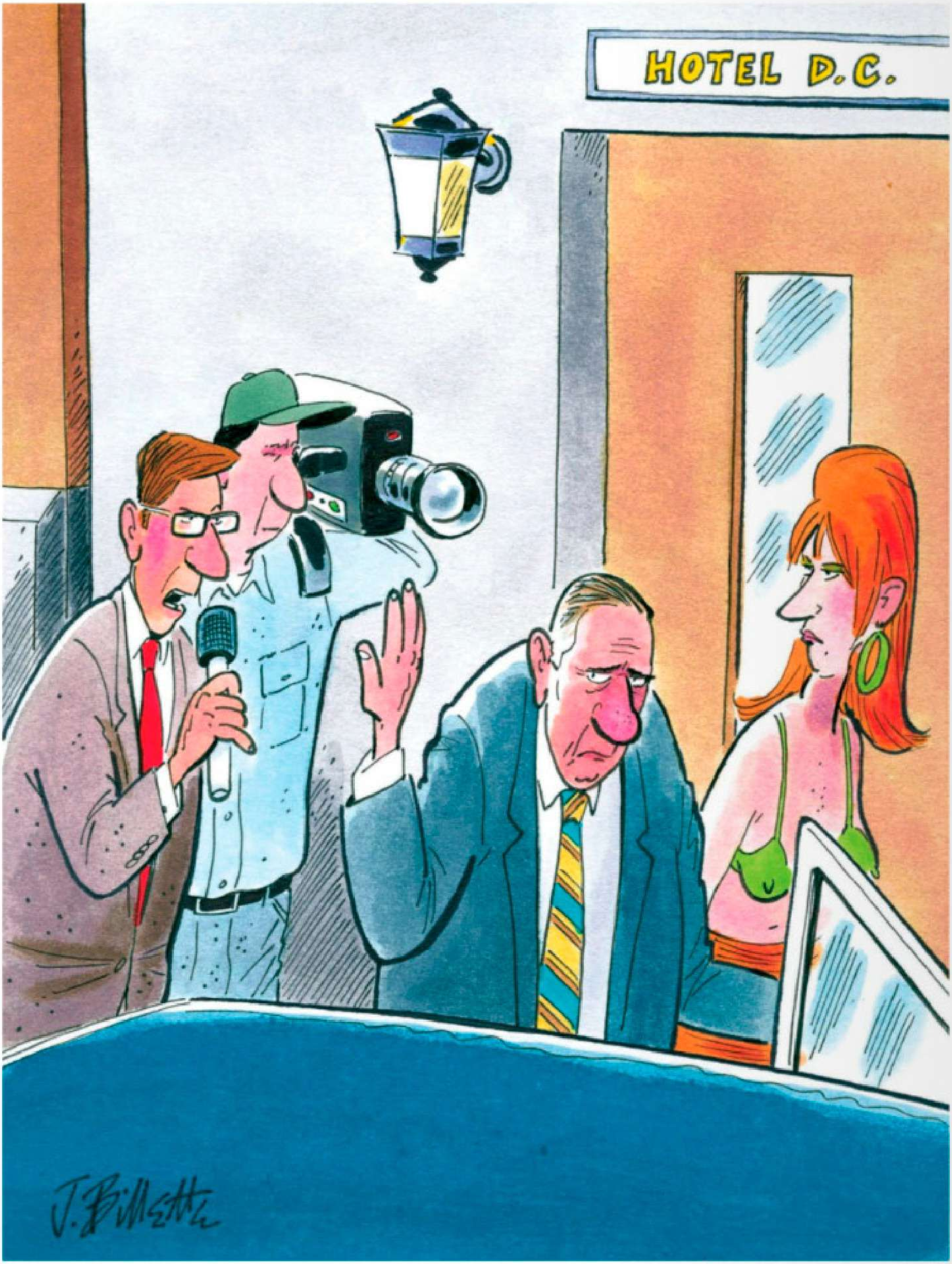
This kind of thing has been going on for decades. Consider the fact that women have been fighting—unsuccessfully—for an Equal Rights Amendment for 40 years! The issues haven't changed: equal opportunity, equal pay, equal access to healthcare and equal rights over their own bodies.

Much of the right-wing panic about women's rights is expressed in religious terms, of course—particularly when it comes to contraception and abortion—but it goes deeper than that. It stems from a fear of human sexuality and the gradual erosion of the male power structure.

I believe that the war on women is a losing strategy. What can possibly be gained by treating over half of the U.S. population like weak-willed creatures who need to be controlled and spoken down to? Especially by people with no direct experience of what it means to be a woman? In the long term, such a regressive attitude will mean lost seats in government and the eventual irrelevance of the Republican Party.

If you think it's strange to hear this coming from the notorious Larry Flynt, let me say this: The greatest women I've ever known were strong, independent people with plenty of capacity to make their own choices—and I wouldn't have wanted them any other way.

Larry Flynt
Publisher


HOTEL D.C.
J. Billsett

"Senator, did you pay that hooker less than you would a male prostitute?"

HISTORICAL IGNORANCE

OBAMA IS PROJECTING AMERICA AS THE COMMON ENEMY IN THE MIDDLE EAST'S DEEP-ROOTED SECTARIAN DIVIDE.

Sometimes you just know that you are in the hands of fools. President Barack Obama almost made it to the end of his second term without repeating George W. Bush's disastrous errors in redesigning the tortured religious, political and ethnic landscape of the Middle East. But then he dove, headfirst, into that sweltering quagmire—and I do mean headfirst, as in a thoughtless plunge without gingerly testing the turbulent waters in which so many others possessing Nobel Prize intentions have drowned.

Obama got into this mess after Senator John McCain (R-Arizona) and other hawks on both sides of the aisle baited him mercilessly with the charge that he was failing to back the moderate rebels in Syria. The problem was, there were no moderates of significant courage and numbers to topple Bashar al-Assad's secular but authoritarian regime. This Mafia-style family enterprise had maintained order for decades, just as dictator Saddam Hussein had done in Iraq before Bush decided to remake Iraq in the image of a Texas oil boomtown that U.S. companies like Dick Cheney's Halliburton could exploit with wild abandon.

Say what you will about the Middle East's homegrown tyrants, they've known how to keep the lid on a bitter theological schism that's gotten lots of innocent folks killed since A.D. 632. When the prophet Muhammad died unexpectedly that year, outliving his male offspring, Muslims were divided over who should rightfully succeed him as their temporal and spiritual leader.

Those who believed Muhammad didn't name a successor ultimately became the vastly larger Sunni sect. Shia Muslims, on the other hand, believe that Ali ibn Abi Talib—the prophet's cousin and son-in-law—was his legitimate successor. That's how the internecine feud started, and it had endured for more than 1,300 years before Bush and his successor, Obama, felt obligated to stick their noses into it.

Of course our great spy apparatus, despite its vast data-mining resources that can tell our government what movie you viewed or what brand of condom you prefer, wasn't up to speed on the Sunni-Shiite dispute when the United States decided to invade Iraq a decade ago. That was supposedly in retaliation for al-Qaeda's 9/11 attacks on our soil. But the Bush Administration either didn't know or care to notice that Iraq under Hussein's rule was the one country in the Arab world which had managed to eliminate Osama bin Laden's influence and that of any other Sunni insurgents.

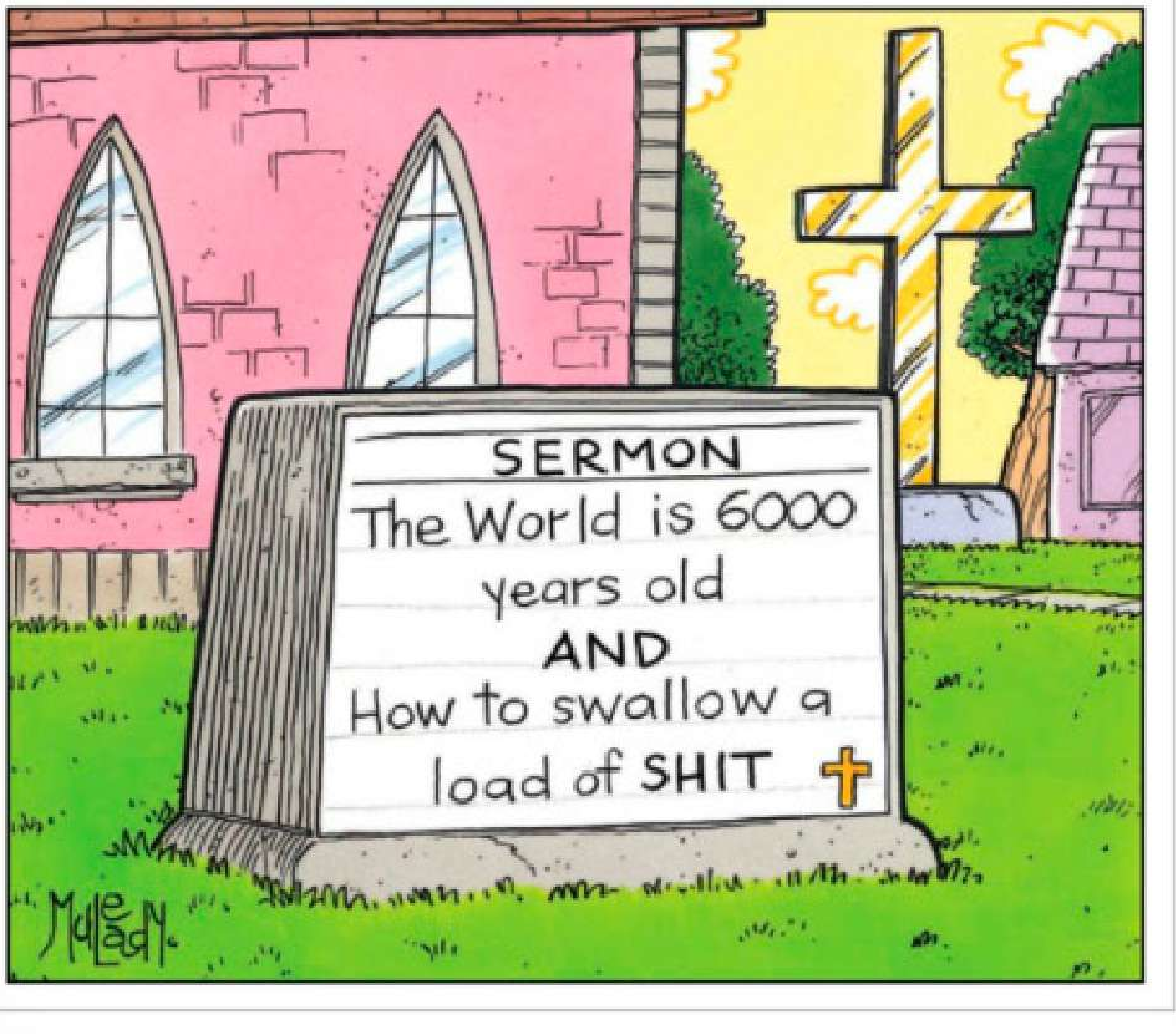
A critical financial support base for those fanatics is Saudi Arabia—the birthplace of Bin Laden and most of the alleged 9/11 hijackers, not to mention the prime source for funding their operation. Saudi Arabia is the fountainhead for the Sunni sect's fundamentalist Wahhabi movement, which has spawned a spate of radical jihadist groups, most notably al-Qaeda, the Taliban and what's now called the Islamic State or ISIS. Oh, and by the way, our spies also were oblivious to that rampaging menace, spurring Obama to renege on his promise to end U.S. military intervention in the region.

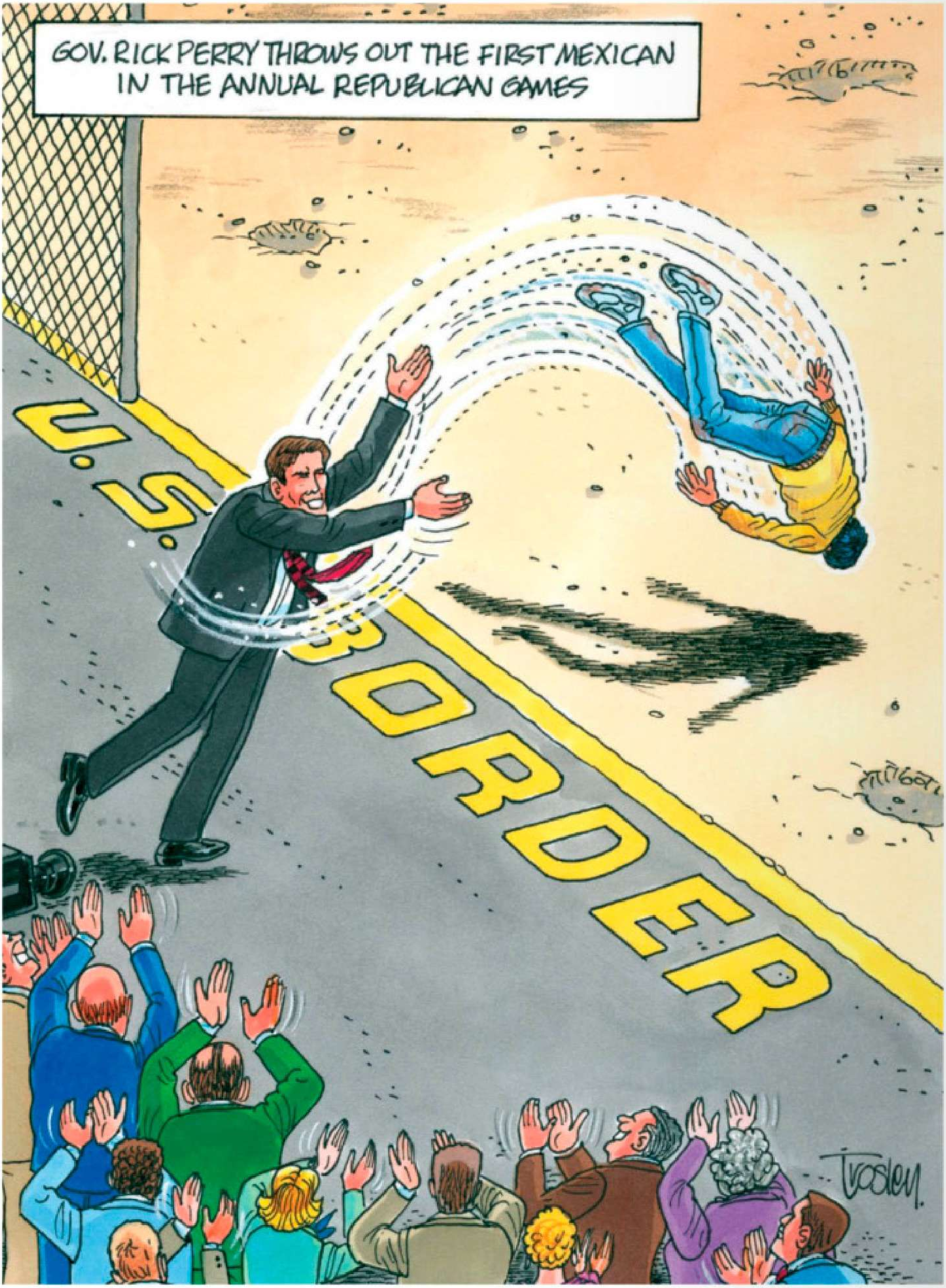
How awkward that the Islamic State rose to prominence as a leading faction of the Syrian rebel coalition backed by McCain and Saudi Arabia. Or that ISIS conquered a good chunk of Iraq—including Mosul, its second-largest city—with fewer than 3,000 fighters. Even at the point when Obama decided to initiate airstrikes against ISIS, the CIA estimated that the faction's combined forces in Syria and Iraq were between 20,000 and 30,000.

Yet ISIS marauders humbled a U.S.-trained Iraqi army of very expensively outfitted troops, who quickly abandoned their uniforms, weapons and equipment. The only thing that saved Baghdad itself from being conquered was the Iranian-allied Shiite militia, which had previously been killing U.S. troops. But suddenly Iran was America's de facto ally as it protected the Shiite majority in Iraq from Sunni extremists originally sponsored by Saudi Arabia, our country's closest Arab ally.

All of this means that once again the United States has been maneuvered into a lose-lose situation, as it was in Afghanistan. The CIA armed and trained Bin Laden's militants during the 1980s jihad against the Russian occupation, and before long the al-Qaeda leader was America's public enemy No. 1. Likewise, today's regional allies in the effort to neutralize Islamic State will become tomorrow's terrorists out to destroy us.

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, is now editor of TruthDig.com. His latest book is *The Great American Stickup: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them*.


SERMON
The World is 6000 years old
AND
How to swallow a load of SHIT
McLeady


GOV. RICK PERRY THROWS OUT THE FIRST MEXICAN IN THE ANNUAL REPUBLICAN GAMES
U.S. BORDER
Trosley

2016: CROSSROADS FOR DEMOCRACY

WHAT VOTERS, POLITICIANS, EDUCATORS AND OUR NEXT PRESIDENT MUST DO TO MAKE AMERICA BELIEVABLE AGAIN.

The 2016 elections may well be the most important in our country's history. They'll determine if there's still time for our individual liberties to be restored before future generations get so accustomed to their disappearance that they won't miss them at all.

It is therefore imperative that a Presidential candidate will assure us that he or she will uphold the separation of powers. Abusing this Constitutional safeguard—which Barack Obama has done more thoroughly than any of his predecessors, even George W. Bush—gives a President the absolute power of a king.

You must also take great care in voting for members of Congress because without sufficient support, a revivalist President cannot begin to make us full-time Americans again. If Congress and the President are on the same page, we must then insist they win back our personal privacy by firing the heads of the National Security Agency, the FBI and other un-American intelligence agencies.

Next, there must no longer be a *secret* Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court before which protesters and their attorneys are not allowed to appear. Congress and the courts must also reverse the laws and executive orders that have shredded the Bill of Rights and other sections of the Constitution—certainly including the 14th Amendment's clause that no state shall "deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

A glaring example of an unconstitutional law is the National Defense Authorization Act. It allows the military to imprison American citizens indefinitely without due process—casting aside the Fifth and Sixth Amendments—for "support of" or "association with" what the government has deemed to be terrorist organizations. (Neither "support of" nor "association with" are clearly defined.)

Meanwhile, something else must be rectified if we are to have the informed citizenry that James Madison, Thomas Jefferson and other Founders insisted was a prerequisite for this nation to survive as a self-governing republic. Appallingly, the great majority of our public schools do not offer mandatory courses on the history of the United States. And none, so far as I've been able to determine, provide lessons on how the combination of imperious Presidents and somnolent citizens endanger the Constitution.

Before being limited by arthritis, I was a guest speaker at public schools in New York City, where I live, and around the country. I told students—from fourth grade up—the suspenseful stories on how we established and then had to fight to save the First, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth and 14th Amendments, among others. Kids of all backgrounds got excited because these dramas were not only new to them but also part of their identity as Americans.

If the very essential proposals I have advocated here do begin to materialize, they will still require the citizenry to ask a question that's also the title of one of my favorite tunes by jazz legend Duke Ellington: "What Am I Here For?" For this reason, 2016's Presidential and Congressional victors must prioritize the Constitutional education of those who'll eventually be voters and full-fledged citizens.

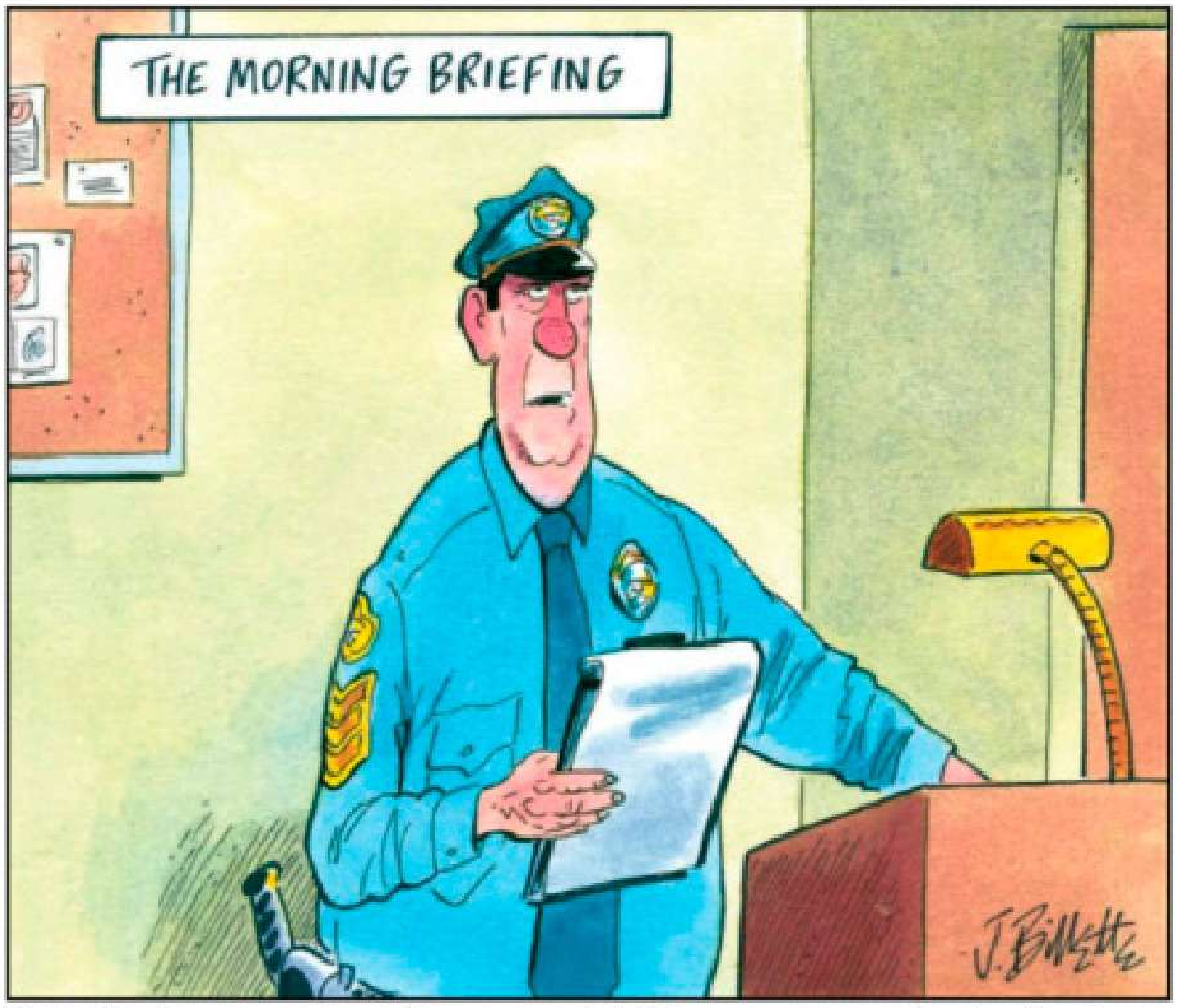
In that regard I have refrained from pushing for any particular candidates. I'll leave that up to you, to make America what it used to be: a country that attracted emigrants from all over the world, like my parents, who wanted to start a new life in the Land of the Free.

Sound corny? Not to countless foreigners who still want to come to America because where they are now is so dreadful. But thanks to the demagogues George W. Bush, Dick Cheney and Barack Obama, I doubt if many of them have the range of expectations that their predecessors had.

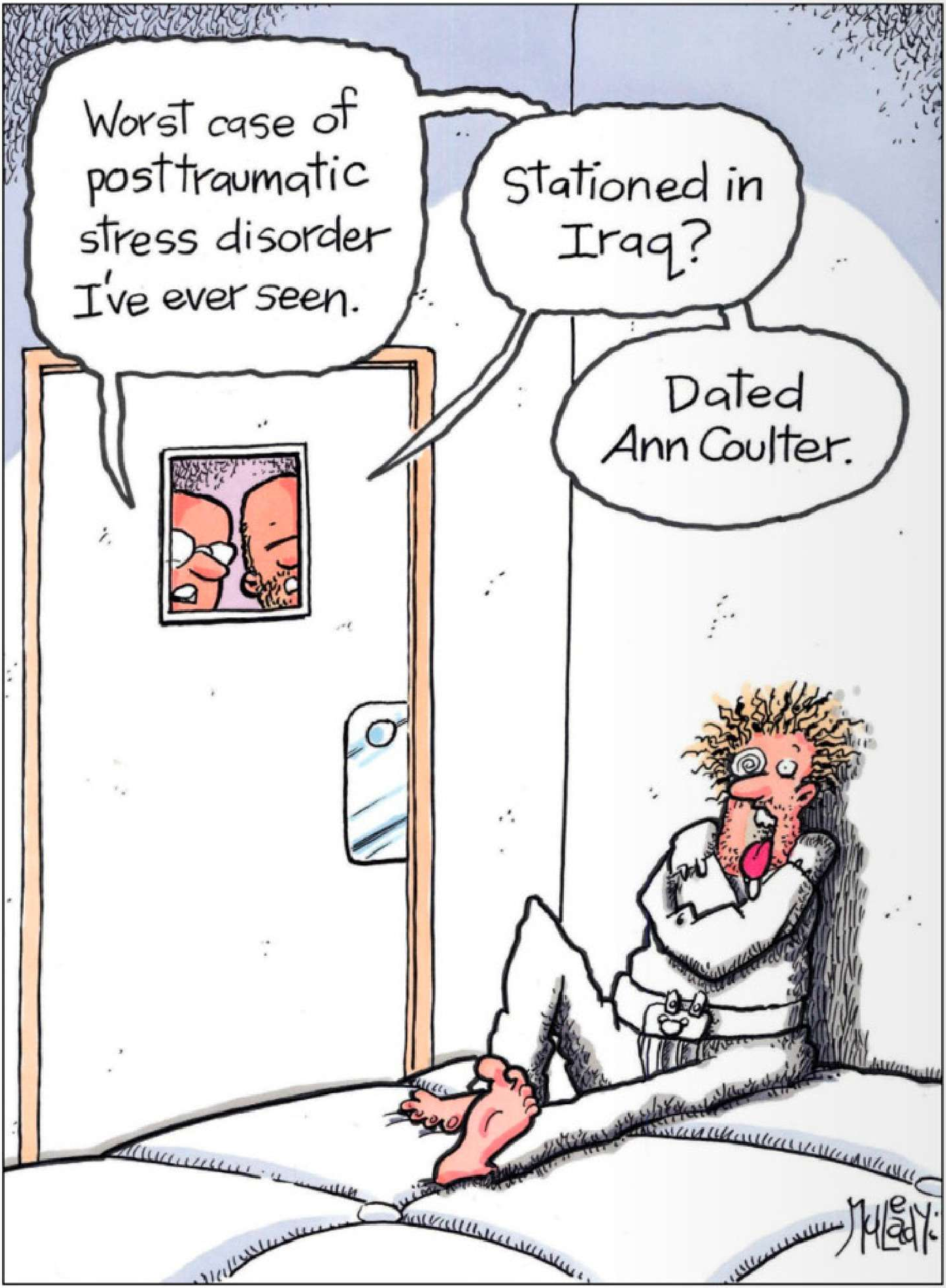
Nevertheless, America is not yet a police state. Once this column is published, I do not expect FBI agents outside my door—although that did happen back when I strongly criticized Richard Nixon's administration. But even then I told my visitors to show me where in the Constitution they had the right to question and search me because of what I'd written. Glowering, the FBI agents went away.

We can still be Americans if we act like Americans. **H**

Nat Hentoff, a senior fellow at the Cato Institute and Jazz Foundation of America board member, is a historian of the Constitution, syndicated columnist and jazz critic. His books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America* and *Living the Bill of Rights*.



"Finally, be smart out there, people! If you want to physically abuse a minority citizen, for God's sake—look around for cameras!"


Worst case of posttraumatic stress disorder I've ever seen.
Stationed in Iraq?
Dated Ann Coulter.
McLeady

BRIAN KILMEADE

Well, isn't this fucking typical? HUSTLER Magazine—aka Spread Vaginas Monthly—goes after some Fox News creep for being a sexist pig!

Point taken. But unlike most of the world that hates this repugnant donkey dropping for his recent wife-beating joke, we've been detesting him for a long time and for a lot more than his casual misogyny.

First, let's review why he most recently wallowed in the nation's contempt—something he obviously enjoys. (In fact, this will probably be the only page in this issue he whacks off to!) After Baltimore Ravens running back Ray Rice coldcocked his wife-to-be in an elevator, Kilmeade and a couple of other idiots on *Fox & Friends* bantered about it idiotically, with Kilmeade concluding, "The message is, take the stairs." Cue the storm of outrage, after which Kilmeade probably got a raise from the network.

As MediaMatters.org has diligently documented, Kilmeade has a history of shit-slinging when it comes to women. He sexually harassed his own colleagues on-air, introducing them with, "Let's see if the girls have clothes on." (We can't even get away with that at HUSTLER, except when the girls actually don't have clothes on!) Other gems include telling female lawyers to use their "great bodies" to get ahead in court and responding to the concept of a "mom cave" by saying, "Didn't men give you the kitchen?"

Sure, this asshole thinks he's a comedian, and he could probably get away with being a sleazy prick if he were actually funny. But he's not. And according to his own website, he did stand-up for ten years, which makes us wonder, why do comedy clubs hate their audiences so much?

Here's another thing Kilmeade is not: a political journalist. He's a hack sports anchor that Fox tosses into its talk rounds as the resident smug fuckwit. That includes—between bouts of beating the dead horse named Benghazi—slamming President Obama for every damn thing he does or doesn't do, of course. Lately, though, Kilmeade and his Fox News cohorts have had to grapple with a particularly slippery pile of shit: How do they slam the fact that in launching his latest preemptive war against the trumped-up threat of ISIS, Obama has basically joined them and their whole self-righteous, neocon cause? Easy; just trot out self-contradictory crap like the President is spending "exorbitant" amounts of money while not doing enough wholesale slaughter to satisfy their thirst for Muslim blood.

That latter craving is one of Kilmeade's strongest. But his xenophobic compulsion to demonize non-Caucasians and non-Christians extends well beyond his garden-variety Islamophobia. Along with making factually bankrupt claims like "all terrorists are Muslims" and saying what hate groups like the English Defence League are doing is "great," Kilmeade isn't shy about blurting out half-baked ethnic purity rhetoric, claiming that Americans are marrying "other species and ethnics," thereby ruining their chance for "pure genes" and a "pure society." *Sieg Heil, Herr Kilmeade!*

More recently he managed to breed his sexism and racism into one big lie by twisting a Justice Department immigration ruling into a scenario of Guatemalan women flooding into the U.S. by claiming their husbands were wife-beaters! See a recurring theme here? Kilmeade has no sympathy for women who can't take a punch. It's tempting at this point to make some wise-ass remark about whether Kilmeade's own wife Dawn, his high school sweetheart and the poor soul who has had to bear his offspring and smug buffoonery for over 20 years, has a good strong chin or not. But we wouldn't do that, of course.

If you think about it, Kilmeade the failed comedian is the perfect kind of fool for Fox News. He may never have learned how to be funny, but he did figure out how to make shit up for effect, i.e., lie his ass off.

Take his notorious, bald-faced claim in early 2014 that people who get food stamps in Colorado can turn their benefits into cash at ATMs and buy pot with it. They can't. Pity all those Kilmeadites in Colorado who went running to the cash machine. They'll never forgive him!

Then there's what may turn out to be the biggest and most regrettable lie in human history: Climate change is some kind of weird hoax perpetrated by scientists for no real reason. The Kilmeadean compulsion to make shit up serves him perfectly here. He's said on-air that the 98% consensus in the scientific community saying man-made climate change is real is due to "corrupt" climatologists who "skewed their findings. Believe me," he blathered, "for anyone at the very least to think [climate change] is settled science is a huge leap."

We don't believe you, Brian, and neither did the radio caller you were talking to, who called you a "moron." Kilmeade's right that there are corrupt scientists—the ones funded by the fossil-fuel industry.

Brian, you're a failed comedian who has become his own worst joke: so cynical and selfish, you don't even care what kind of planet you're leaving your own children. In other words, the message is, take the stairs—to hell. H

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If your car's gonna break down, pray it happens in Fayetteville, North Carolina. Brently Dean Rye and Louie Frangos, owners of Camel Tow, had a brainstorm one night soon after leaving the military: What if they could train the local pole dancers to be tow truck drivers by day? Now they have a thriving business on the road to a reality TV show. One local even flattens his own tires on a regular basis. Can you blame him?

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"Kisses are a better fate than wisdom." —E.E. CUMMINGS, AUTHOR

WHAT WOULD AMY POEHLER LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

This just in: **Amy Poehler** reprises her role as Hillary Clinton in an effort to help her lookalike win the Presidency. Here she's seen doing what needs to be done for Democrats to win in 2016, 'cause it's not who you know. It's who you blow. For more on Amy's philosophy of life and her answer to the age-old question, "Can I come on your face?" check out her new book: *Yes Please.*

DISCLAIMER. Parody: No such picture of Amy Poehler actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

"Don't treat your heart like an action figure wrapped in plastic and never used." **—AMY POEHLER, COMEDIAN**

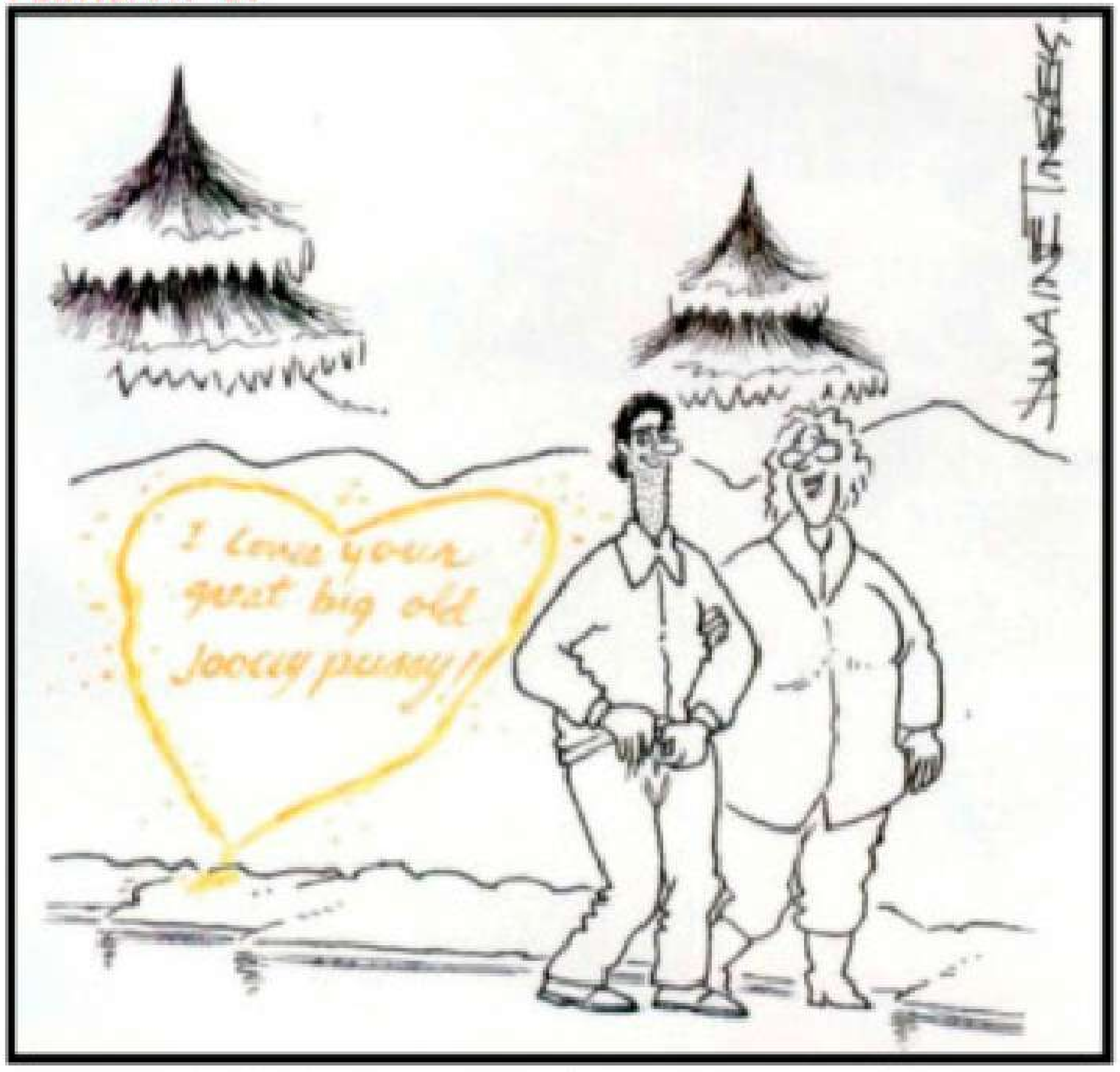
PORN FROM THE PAST

Mabel the schoolmarm meets shots of tequila. Parent-teacher conferences here we come! Thanks to R.H. of Port St. Lucie, Florida, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's *Porn From the Past*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

A huge thank-you goes out to Mistress Delicious and Mistress Nicole for crushing it in our October '14 feature "Odette's Adventures in Fetishland." For more of the curvilicious mistress in red, turn to "Doug Stanhope Gets Trashed" on page 30.

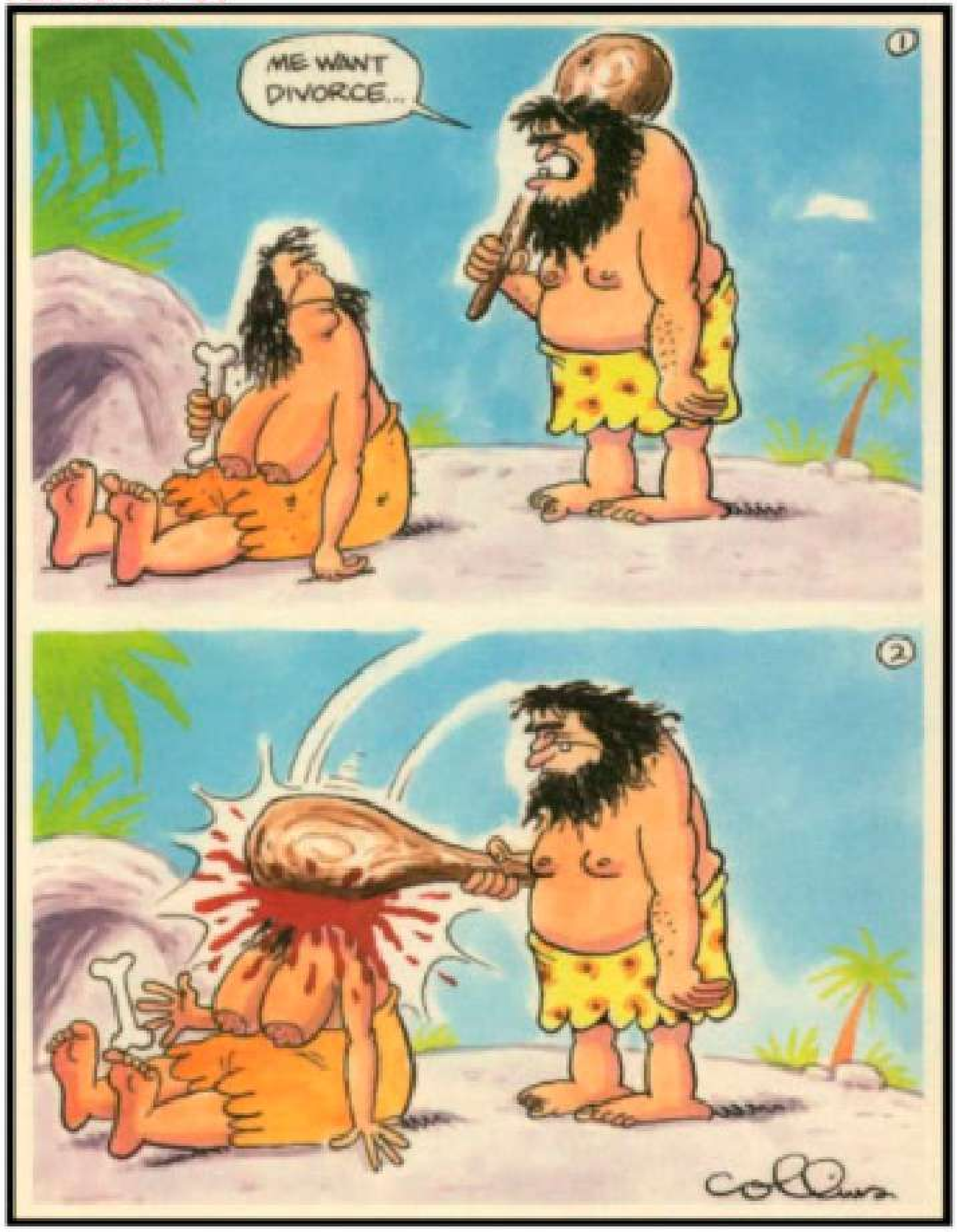
CLASSICS

FEBRUARY '97

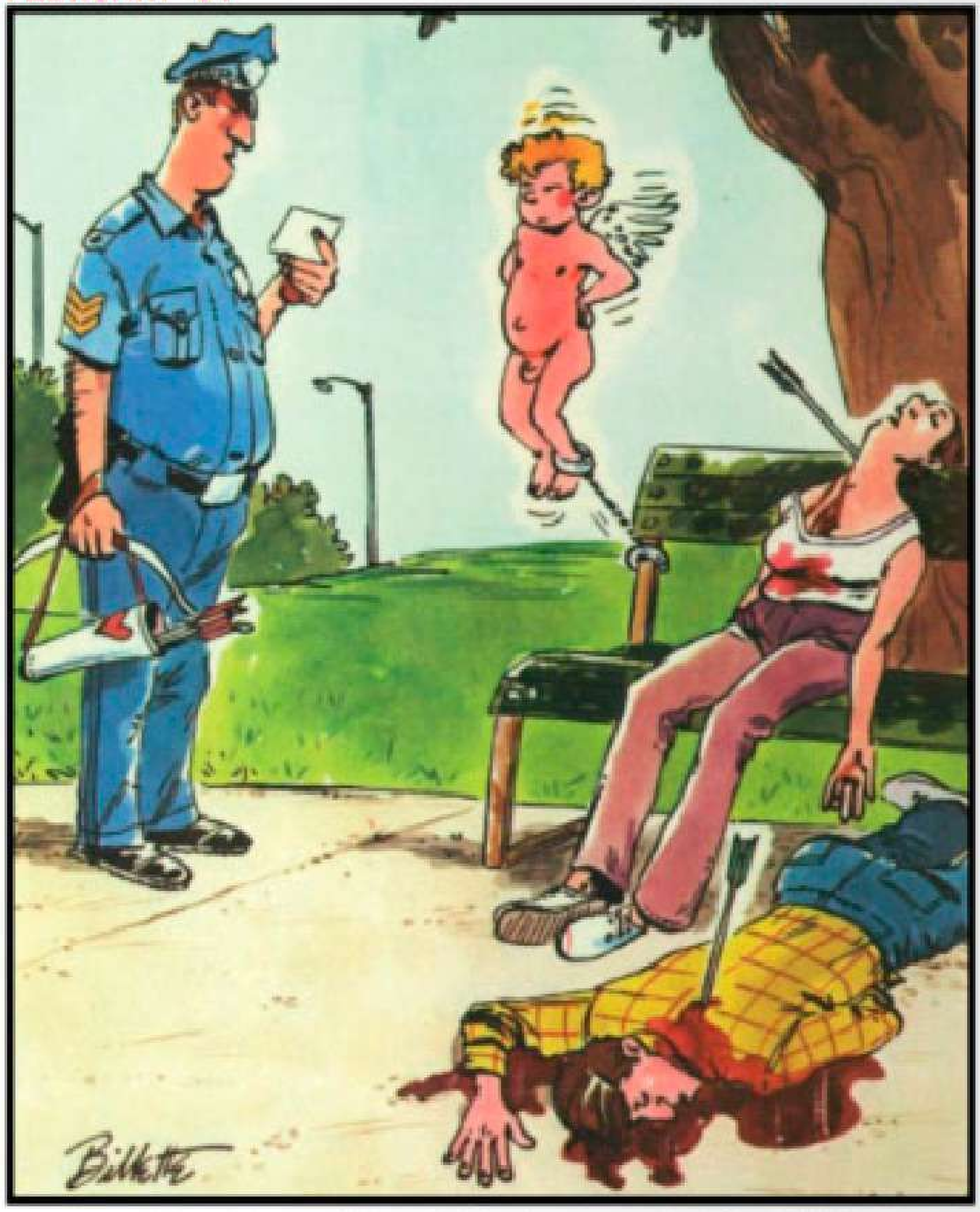

I love your great big old juicy pussy!

"Oh, Rodney—you're so-o-o sweet!"

FEBRUARY '89

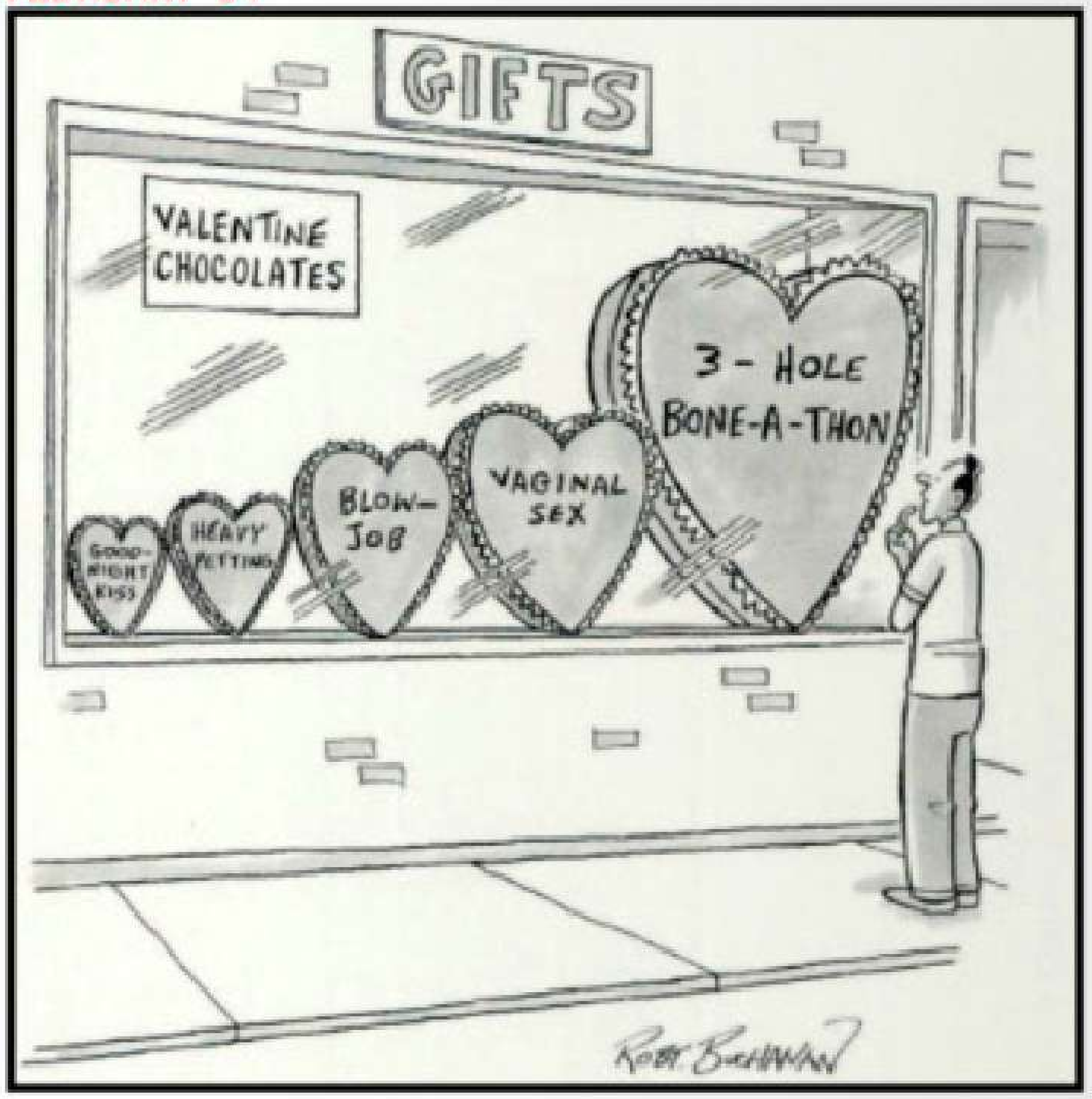

①
ME WANT DIVORCE...
②
Collins

FEBRUARY '81



"You have the right to remain silent..."

FEBRUARY '94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Good Old Lays

I want to applaud you for using your original photographers throughout the November '14 issue. Lately I've seen too much of Digital Desire in your magazine and not enough of good ole Matti Klatt and the rest of the crew from the old days. Please don't fade on us and stay true. Please bring back the *Beaver Hunt* finalist contest, more *Bits & Pieces*, more real *Beaver Hunt* ladies (not porn stars or Bunny Ranch, although fine pussy is fine pussy regardless). Please take it back to the way you were. I am a longtime subscriber, so please don't lose me now.

—M.T.
Newport News, Virginia

Blow by Blow

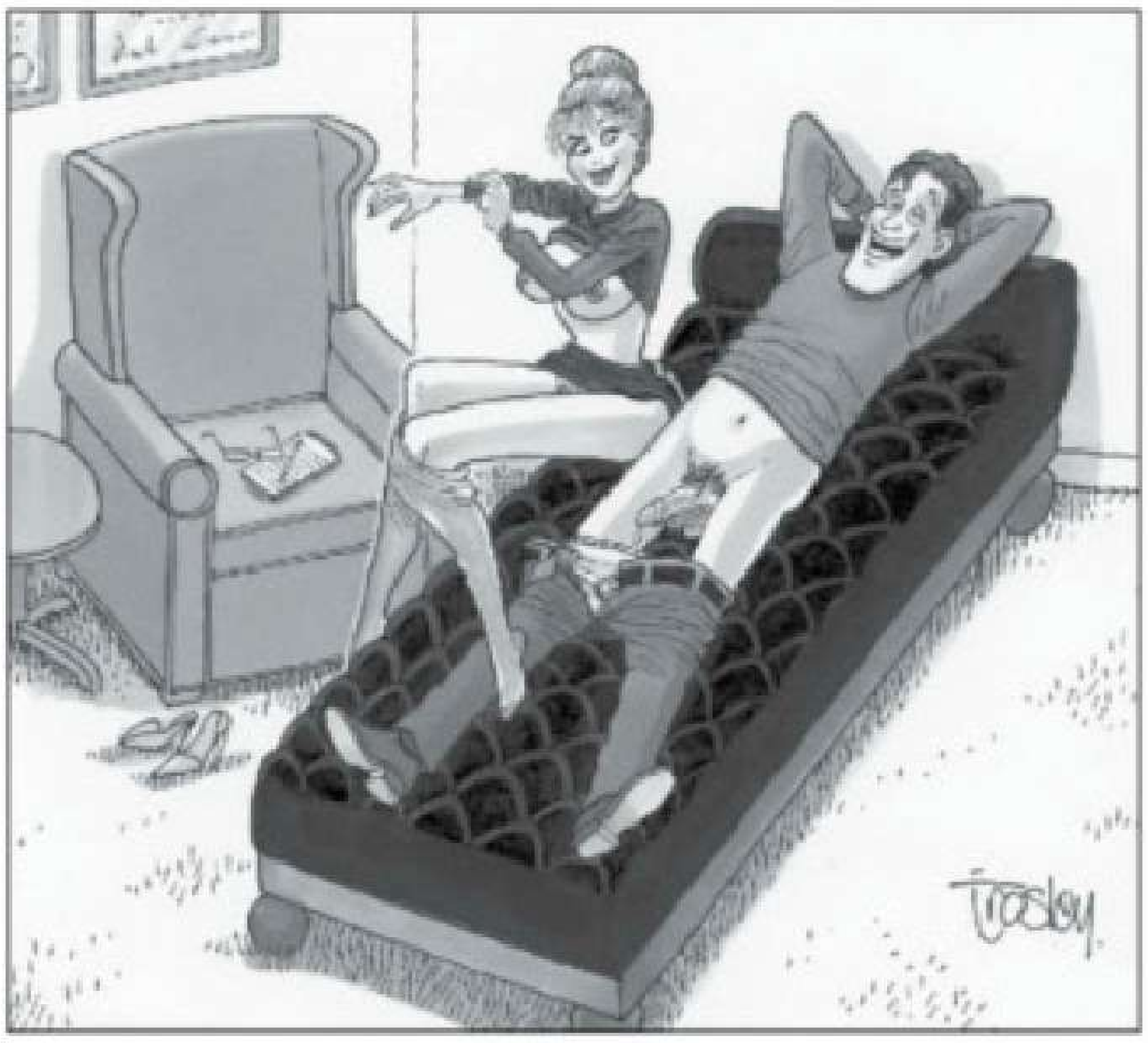
Ava Taylor was a good choice for the November '14 issue [*Wise Choice*]. Man, she is hot as heck, and I don't know if she is part Hispanic or what, but she is 100% fine. I've always thought HUSTLER should basically be like a *National Geographic* of porn or, more specifically, an *International Pornographic* showcasing the finest tits and ass of every possible ethnic variety. So I'm glad to see these hot-ass Latinas. I even purchased four issues of *Latin Girls XXX* from **HustlerNewsstand.com**, and I must say I have thoroughly enjoyed looking through them.

I notice the advertisement for **HustlerMagazine.com** on the opening page instead of an ad parody or political parody. Well, that's the way it goes, I guess. Larry discusses the rights of women and birth in his *Publisher's Statement* and I think, "Right on, Larry!" *Porn From the Past* is a cool section that doesn't get much mention, and the *Dick in the Mouth* part is always worth a laugh. I liked the one a few months back that featured Ellen DeGeneres [June '14].

Samantha Lee's photo spread was hot as hell [*Say Yes*]. It really came off looking like the classic HUSTLER look in the modern age. Samantha's a gorgeous woman with great tits, and Matti Klatt did a great job photographing her, though I wish you would've shown more of her butthole and twat. I think every photo spread should at least give one close-up of all the lower-end goodies. I noticed that the *Hardcore Showcase* section didn't have any written descriptions of the reviews, unfortunately, but the pictures were still hot as heck.

I saw Larry being interviewed on *Bloomberg* recently saying that HUSTLER Magazine might not be around "very much longer" and that "we can see the handwriting on the wall." I was kinda saddened to hear that part, but he added that the magazine was still profitable and that it would still be made as long as it continues to make money. I don't want to see HUSTLER go the way of the dinosaur! As always, I'm looking forward to the next issue.

—Lee Paxton
Coraopolis, Pennsylvania



"Best therapy known to man: Fuck pussy. Feel better!"

WTF of the Month

We get a lot of crazy letters. Here's one of our favorites.

There is a myth that if you don't look and don't see, then it won't happen. The gods said only the honest will save themselves. The gods did not make drought. It was made by thieves. People said I would never hurt anything. Their crimes were so unforgivable, only the death of all civilization can save the Earth. Noah and the prophets tried to save all the Adams, the people of the Earth. They were told you are so negative. Tell us only good things. The gods said the liars will not see their own crimes. They will not save themselves. Disaster will be like a thief in the night when they will not expect it. Living things are dying and crying to the gods for help. The heavens approach the Balance, the moon Diana. Sin follows its angel. Liars lie and the Earth is dying. Noah has seen it. Eyes to see, ears to hear, look to the sun and the Balance in Heaven.

—Craig Proffitt
Long Beach, California

Mammary Lane

I was in a vintage store and bought a bunch of old skin mags from the '70s and '80s. I was really excited to find two HUSTLER mags that I used to own and treasure in my youth: March '84 with Elvira photos and April '84 with Frank Zappa's *Thing-Fish* contribution, which is still as strange and wonderful as when I first saw it. Elvira can still get my cock hard, and the sight of Larry McDonald naked can still kill it. Anyhow, looking at the old mags was a great stroll down mammary lane. It got me thinking I hadn't seen a HUSTLER in a while, so I got a more modern one. I had to tell you that your magazine was awesome 30 years ago, and it is still top-notch. I've been away for a bit, but your women are as hot as ever. Hotter. Larry's writing is insightful and thought provoking, like I remembered it, but I have one very important theological question: When did Jesus H. Christ, Esq. stop being publisher? Was he let go with a righteous severance package, or did you fire him for being right all the time and it was either get his annoying ass out of the office or give him another Easter "surprise"? More than a little curious.

P.S. I'm ordering an old issue of *All Bush* from you. I'm also going to go for the subscription to HUSTLER. You hooked me again, fuckers!

—George Davis
Spokane, Washington

Trigger Happy

I've been a lover of HUSTLER and *Barely Legal* magazines for as long as I can remember. In fact, I've been a subscriber to them for many years and plan to continue to subscribe to them for many years to come. I would also say that I love that the magazine comes with DVDs now, and I love watching them. I am writing this letter because as I was reading the joke page in the August '14 HUSTLER, I found the following joke in poor taste: "Question: How is being in the military like a blowjob? Answer: The closer you get to discharge, the better you feel."

While I do find this joke slightly humorous, I was offended by it because most people, including me, love the military. It's one of the main reasons this is the greatest country in the world. Not to mention that our military is probably one of the main

Samantha Lee sizzles in our November '14 issue.

reasons we have our freedoms today, including your freedom of the press. There are probably a lot of people who feel the same way I do about it. I'd be surprised if I'm the only person writing to you about the joke. Keep up the good work, but be more careful when making fun of the military. **—Reid Witcher**
Odessa, Texas

American Idols

ATL Twins are my idol [May '13, *Double Threat: The ATL Twins Tear It Up*]. They're living the life I've always dreamed of. Instead, here I sit in prison. But hey, doesn't the porn industry use the ex-convict image a lot? Maybe you can ask the ATL Twins to become my agent upon my release in 2017? How does one become male talent for the industry? Trust me, a lot of us want to know! It's been my dream since I first saw a porno in '96. I was seven years old. HUSTLER Magazine is awesome. I'm gonna start saving my money to buy a subscription 'cause I gotta give the May '13 issue back to my homeboy.

—Kurtis Moore
Syracuse, New York

Mystic Muff

The hot nympho sluts who exhibit their wanton flesh in the pages of your magazine seem to instinctively know how to present their cunts in the most provocative way. Each shameless hussy holds her pussy lips open so that the flaming pink entrance to her dark mystery cave is seen by every lustful eye. This pink revelation blooms like a rose in the mind of the seer. But this vision of obscene beauty soon fades, and then the cunt takes on a more sinister aspect. It is seen as rent in the fabric of the flesh, and then as an open wound, a gaping gash that never heals and from which seeps a bloody flux in monthly sacrifice to the moon.

Possessed by her cunt, the nymphomaniac lives solely to serve its needs. It is a hungry animal with an appetite all its own, a bestial thing that saps her vital stores and thrives on a steady diet of rampant cock and fresh spunk. Onlookers see her as nothing but a fucking piece of ass, a view that enables her to identify herself all the more closely with her cunt. Her body has become a city without walls, and the tantric-adept who enters in does so at his peril. **—Kenneth Clark**
Chicago, Illinois

Good Genes

The girl in your July '14 issue, Bailey, is superfine [*No Rules*]. She has a naturally beautiful way about her. That sweet ass and nice meaty pussy. She looks like she might have Hawaiian or American Indian heritage. You also gotta love that tousled hair. Please have her pose again. **—Mark Gurry**
Kunkletown, Pennsylvania

Nice Try

I am sure you have heard this before, but if Larry Flynt really had any balls, he would just once name Barack Obama *Asshole of the Month*. There's a thousand different reasons Obama is an asshole, but Larry Flynt is just a gutless coward. He is probably scared of being called a "racist," but that word doesn't really mean shit anymore thanks to the liberals. Larry Flynt thinks he is this big free-speech pioneer, First Amendment hero, but now he is nothing more than a government ass-kisser. I know he will never name Obama *Asshole of the Month*. He really is just full of shit and has no balls. **—Brad Talztern**
Mankato, Minnesota

Actually, Brad, Larry *has* awarded Barack Obama the honor of *Asshole of the Month*. Twice. Once in the November '06 issue and the second time in August '07.

All Woman

Well, it is true that I am older, but in regards to shaved pussy, more hair is better. Do you have a thing for ten-year-olds? Or maybe you prefer them still in diapers? My buddies who prefer bald also seem to pay a lot of attention to very young girls. Thanks, but give me a 30-year-old any day. I don't have to tell her what to do or how to do it. Besides, they taste better and understand about keeping their pussy clean. The only place a woman should shave is her armpits. Long hair is sexy.

—William Wallace
Surrey, British Columbia, Canada

Fine Art

HUSTLER cartoons are the best. They are the funniest I've seen. In fact, every issue I look forward to the comics. *Chester the Molester* would be good to return to the pages. Where did *Graffilthy* go? They're pretty good too. More *Humor* and cartoons would improve your magazine a great deal. The way it is, there's not enough. HUSTLER hits a funny spot not found by others. Please provide more cartoons in your magazine. **—Ken Keeling**
South Fork, Colorado

Sugar Rush

I just got the November '14 issue of HUSTLER, and it was absolutely fucking amazing! I must say that there were two girls who appeared in *Beaver Hunt* who were so fucking hot! The first was Candy Ann. She is my dreamgirl, and I love that HUSTLER is showcasing girls with piercings and tattoos! Candy Ann has the hottest and the prettiest-looking pussy I have ever seen! I love how it looks, and the hair that she has grown out on the top of her pussy is extremely sexy looking! I want to just worship and lick her pussy for hours! I'm so glad the 18-year-old wanted to pose nude for HUSTLER because she's got the exotic face, the beautiful pussy and the sexy tits!

The second girl who caught my eyes was Mia Gold. I would love to just have her smother my face and fuck my face with her pussy! Both Candy Ann and Mia Gold are bi, so how about a girl/girl layout with them? HUSTLER rules and remains the fucking greatest adult publication in the world! **—Black Metal Larry**
Narvon, Pennsylvania

I'm a 35-year-old bisexual female who is currently locked up in the Arizona State Prison. I have just received a copy of the new November '14 issue of HUSTLER, and I got so fucking horny and turned on by a girl in your *Beaver Hunt* section named Candy Ann. She makes my pussy so wet! I want us to taste each other's pussies all night long and grind them together! Please, HUSTLER, show me more of Candy Ann. I'd love to see her featured in a full layout! **—Kelley McNaughton**
Goodyear, Arizona

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

CHANEL
PRESTON

COCKSURE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
TAMMY SANDS

I have had sex in all kinds of costumes, on all kinds of surfaces and with all kinds of weird dialogue. But my most memorable fuck was the first time I ever orgasmed from anal. It was so unexpected, and it was one of the strongest orgasms I've ever had. I was sold!"

"I'm a huge voyeur, and I love watching my man fuck other women."

"I've always been very comfortable with sex, and I love talking about it. I even created a website, **nakedwithchanel.com**, that tackles misconceptions and helps people see sexuality from a healthier perspective."

CHANEL'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Fairbanks, Alaska** | AGE: **28** | HEIGHT: **5-8** | MEASUREMENTS: **I have no clue!** FAVORITE POSITION: **Depends on the shape of the guy's cock** | TWITTER: **@ChanelPreston** INSTAGRAM: **@ChanelPreston** | WEBSITE: **ChanelPreston.com**

Check out our next issue for a deeply personal profile of cocksure Chanel.

DOUG STANHOPE GETS TRASHED

BARELY LEGAL

HUSTLER
TABOO
HUSTLER
TABOO
HUSTLER

HE'S BEEN CALLED THE MOST DEPRAVED MAN IN AMERICA. IT'S ABOUT TIME HE ENDED UP WHERE HE BELONGS.

INTERVIEW BY
KYLE DOWLING

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
WILFERD GUENTHOER

LARRY FLYNT
PUBLICATIONS

COURTNEY TAYLOR & MISTRESS NICOLE
WELCOME THE FRESH MEAT.

Y FLYNT
CATIONS

HUSTLER: It's cool to talk with you, and we're not just kissing ass.
DOUG STANHOPE: Thanks, man. I knew I had an interview today, but I hate picking up the phone. With my luck it'd be some long-lost cousin Joe asking me to do his podcast. Ugh.

So we're better than that?
You know what? HUSTLER is one of the things that I mention when people ask me about my influences. Honestly, people normally list comics, and I've heard them all obviously, but guys like Monty Python and the *Bits & Pieces* section of HUSTLER Magazine were way more of an influence when I was a kid. I don't know if this is true, but I heard that the guy who did *Chester the Molester* got arrested for molesting children. He was allegedly quoted going into work saying, "Hey, you can't make this shit up," or something like that. [Laughs.] But with HUSTLER, it was my favorite thing as a kid. Those cartoons and shit were wicked funny.

You're known for being brutally honest. Were crowds hostile at first?
Yeah, I'd say so. But I wasn't always doing what I do now; I was a lot more dick-jokey. I was never mild or kind. It was also a lot less socially relative because I didn't have a point of view back then, so I just talked about what I knew: jerking off, trying to get laid, etc.

> "ALMOST EVERY ACTION YOU DO OR CONSCIOUS DECISION YOU MAKE IS TO GET LAID, EVEN IF INDIRECTLY."

A lot of guys do stand-up to get laid.
Almost every action you do or conscious decision you make is to get laid, even if indirectly. Maybe so you can get a nicer car or something, but even that's so you can get laid. It all comes down to getting laid. I think I went to comedy because I was just funny. I wasn't attractive; I wasn't athletic; I couldn't play music. So I had comedy. While another guy might be singing karaoke to get attention, I was talking about sexually-transmitted seahorses and such.

Was that a real bit?
I think so, in my very, very early open-mic days. [Laughs.]

We heard you don't like comedy clubs.
It's not that I don't like them; it's that I used to always have problems working at comedy clubs. I do it now and am lucky enough that I can get a good crowd of my fans. I think at this point no matter where I play—a VFW hall or a city park—I will have my audience there. But in the early days, before I had any following, comedy clubs generally just paid for the room. People would show up thinking it's all Jay Leno family-friendly, and then I get up there with a bachelorette party in the audience. The last place you want a bachelorette party is at my show.

Even if they all have dicks on their heads.
Exactly! Though I do miss a lot of that. I miss those nitwit girls of the past, the days when I wasn't known and I'd take them down and watch their night go down in flames. Meanwhile she's crying and her friends are looking at me like I'm the asshole. "Girl, you put the party together and didn't do any research as to who was performing. You fucking idiot!" [Laughs.] I like to think I taught them a valuable life lesson: not to squander your big Friday night at one of my shows. >>

HUSTLER
BARELY LEGAL
TABOO

> **"IF YOU DON'T DRINK, YOU HAVE TO PUT EFFORT INTO HAVING A GOOD TIME."**

Must be nice being able to take down anyone while you're up there. Wasn't there an incident about someone who died on ecstasy?

Oh yeah! That was in Scotland. The funny part is that it wasn't even my show; I was just hosting. And trust me, I'm a fucking terrible host. I have no problem killing any momentum the other comics build up. But yeah, I mentioned ecstasy and this girl started screaming at me that her sister died of it. I just started screaming that it's morons like her that make the drug illegal. No one dies of ecstasy; they die of it if it's not MDMA and some dude made it in his bathtub. She left screaming and crying and went to the bar upstairs saying the American comedian was making fun of her dead sister. Her friends came down to kick my ass, but by then I was done and had introduced the next comedian, who also was an American comedian: Scott Capurro. I was back smoking. [Laughs.]

You say drinking helps your shows.

Definitely! I couldn't do it without it. I'm a terrible public speaker. I'm hyperaware of everything other than jokes: the person not listening, texting. I'm just thinking about everything else rather than actually doing stand-up. If you don't drink, you have to put effort into having a good time. If you get into a fight when you're drunk, you just think you can fight. If you're sober, you're like, "Fuck, I can't beat this guy. Look at him!" You're just full of self-doubt. >>

Is stand-up that frightening?

I wouldn't say frightening. I'm just in a constant anxious state where I'm worrying if I have enough, if I still have it, have they heard this, did I do this already, etc. Writing is a fucking pain in the ass. I get holes in my stomach from it. It happens every little while where I just think I'm not funny and have no interests so I'll have no material.

You're successful, but you don't live in New York or L.A. Why?

I just wanted to do stand-up. I lived in L.A. for ten years, and every time I'd think about moving there'd be a pilot keeping you there that will never see the light of day. I was definitely leaving when *The Man Show* came around. But when I got the offer, I was like, "Wow, that's a lot of money!" But after doing it, I never want to make a decision based on money again.

That seems like a total mind-fuck.

Oh, completely! It's a complete mind-fuck. I'm sure there are ways we could have done it better, but I didn't know anything. I was just a kid on his first day of school. And the other TV I did before was so much better. I did a FOX hidden-camera show where they put me up with an eyeglass camera and let us go out and do our thing. It was great! There was no finger-fucking from the bigwigs. It was like having the smartest dog in the world and then getting a stupid dog afterwards.

Not being in L.A., does it feel like you're living two different lives?

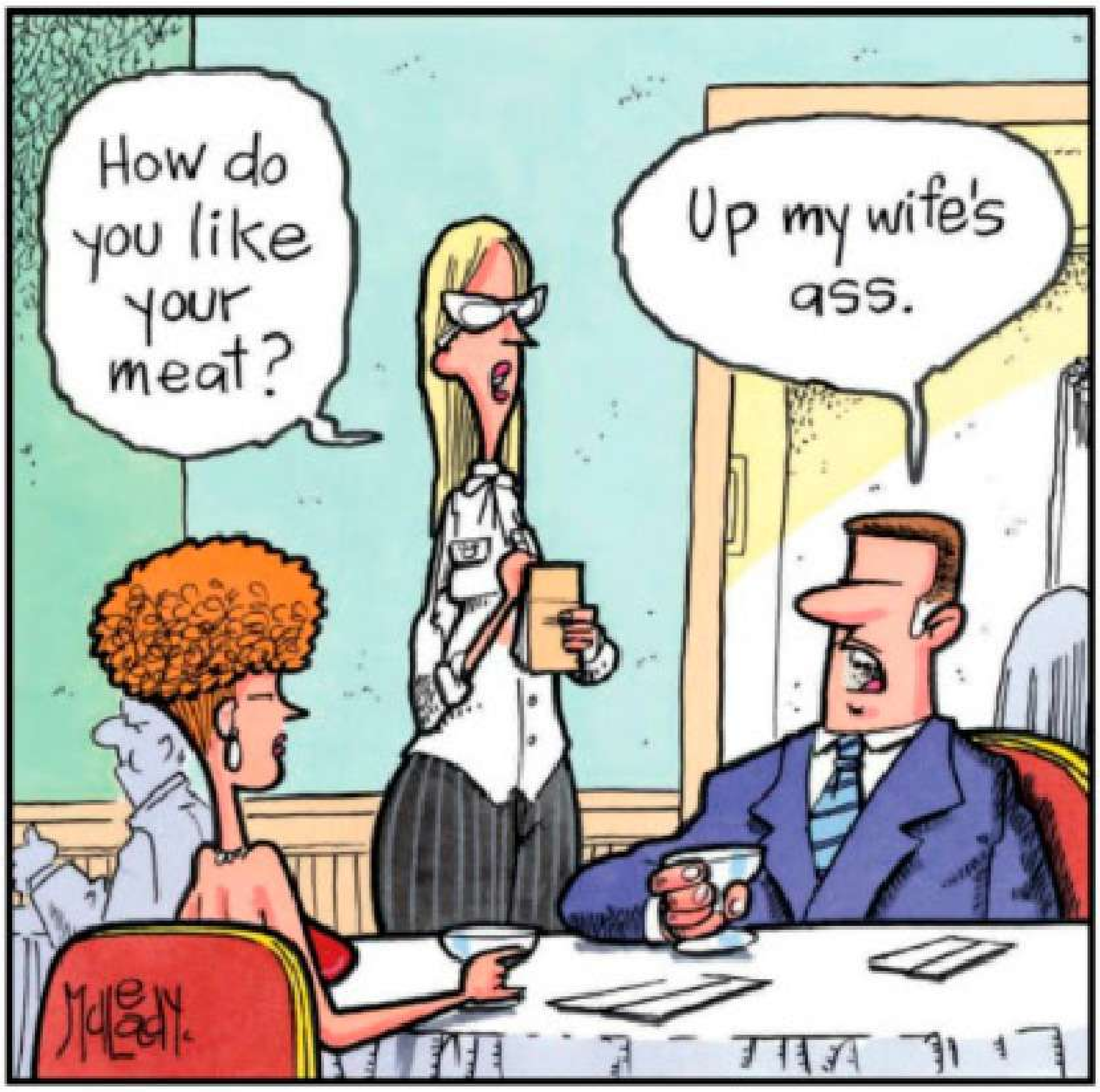
Yeah! It's like I'm two people. When I'm here at home, I'm the most boring dude in the world. Then I'll go out and party for a while on the road. Obviously, it's not like it used to be. A lot of it is more interacting with the fans and shit afterwards. Years ago, I'd party so much and the next morning I'd just be eating a breakfast sandwich in the van with my eyes hanging low not wanting to talk to anyone. [Laughs.]

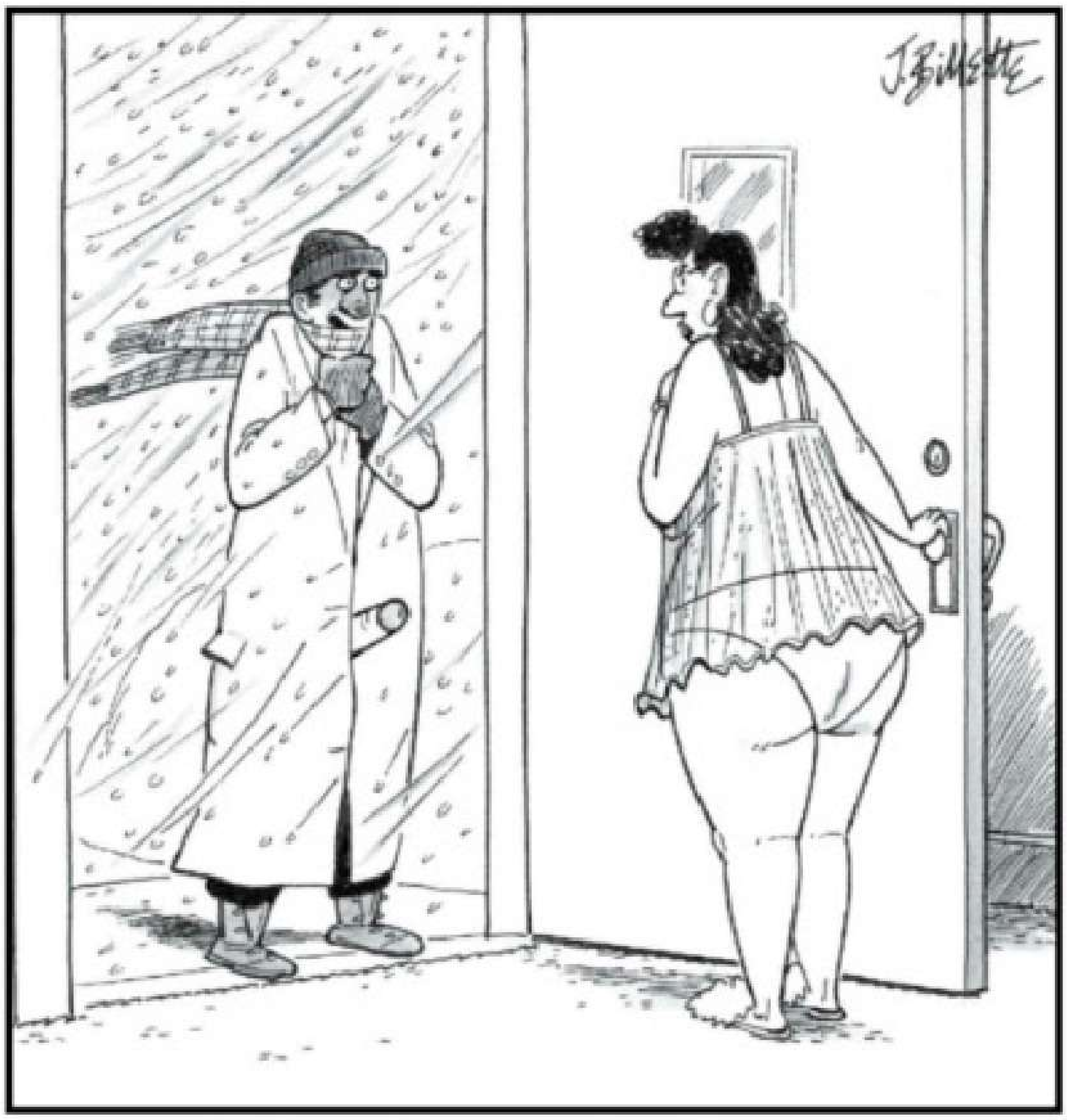
You did a great episode of *Louie* with Louis C.K. Was that difficult?

Well, it was sort of in my wheelhouse. I didn't have to go follow some guy around to figure out how he felt and what he would do in that situation. [Laughs.] And Louis was directing it; I know him, I trust him. Comics have a far different way of dealing with people than most actors, directors and Hollywood fucks do: "That was great, Doug! That was good! I was thinking…" Louie would just be like, "Eh, that sucked. Let's do it again! Don't do that stupid thing you did with your head, Doug." I respond well to that. Tell me what the fuck you want me to do and I'll do it.

If you weren't doing comedy, what would you be doing?

I'd want to be a defense attorney. A lot of my act is just like trying to find a hole in an argument. Spot the bullshit and tear it up. "Explain to this jury why it's fucking retarded to have children and why it's bad for the planet." That's the kind of defense attorney I'd be. H


How do you like your meat?
Up my wife's ass.
McLeady

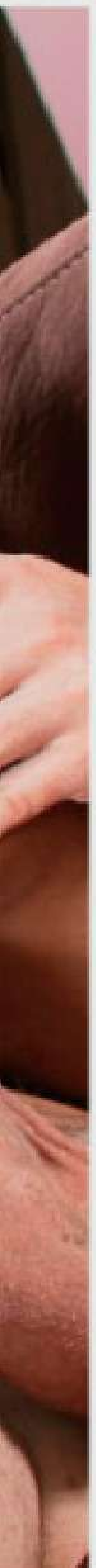


"I know we're going through a nasty divorce, Clara—but I was hoping you could spare a mercy fuck for old times' sake!"

MISTY STONE

LIKE VELVET

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT
PRODUCTIONS



I've heard The Pussy is like velvet. That might be why everyone wants to work with me. I have really good energy. I love what I do, and I enjoy what I do. So I'm gonna fuck you, baby. It ain't gonna be no half-assin'!"

"I'm pretty fucking good at BJs. My mouth is amazing. I do this tongue thing inside while I'm sucking your cock. I gradually go slower, and then I gobble you up."

For all things Misty, check out **@mistystoneXXX** and **mistystone.com**.

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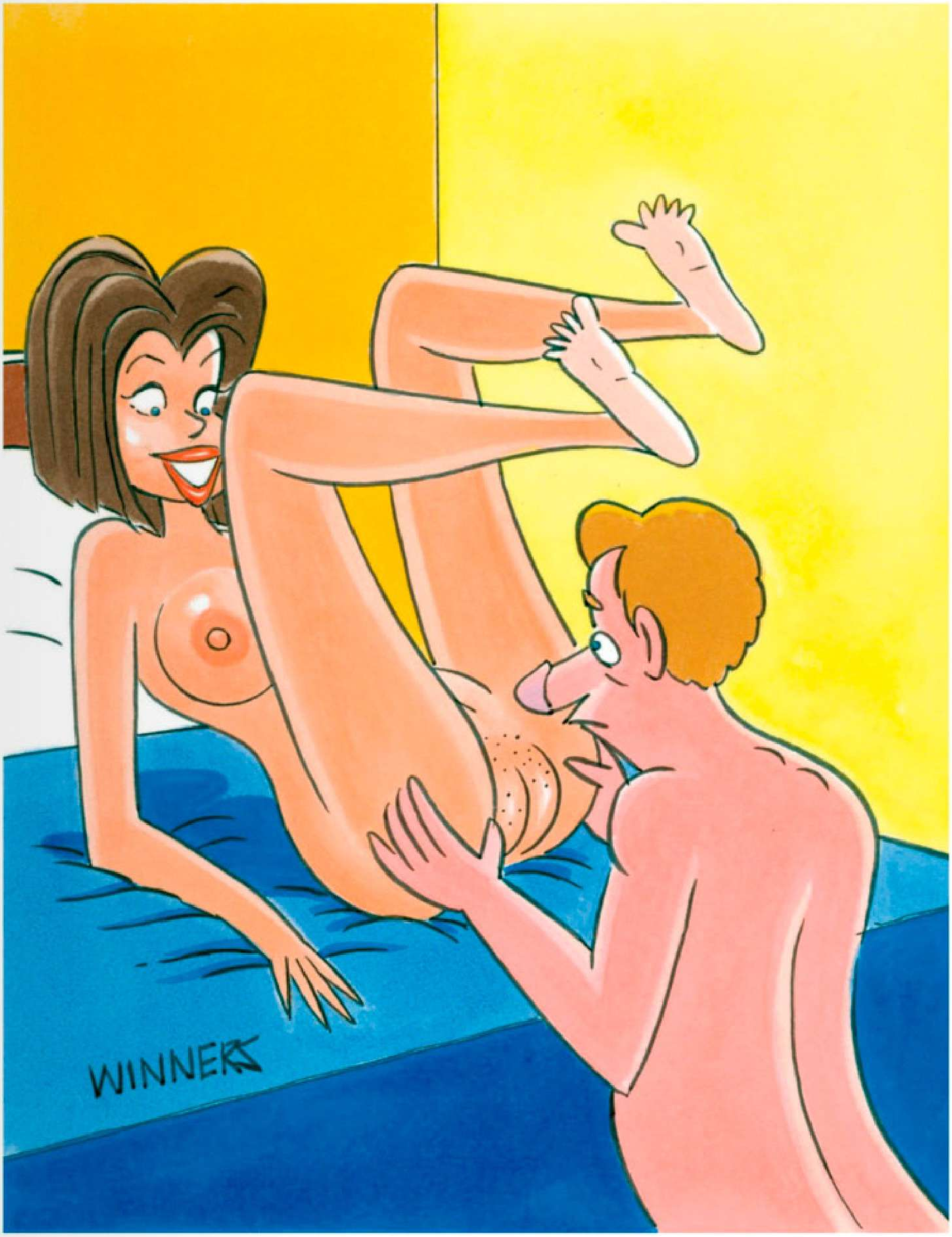


"Hey, I realize it's your nose, but I'd sure feel
a lot safer if you put a condom on it."

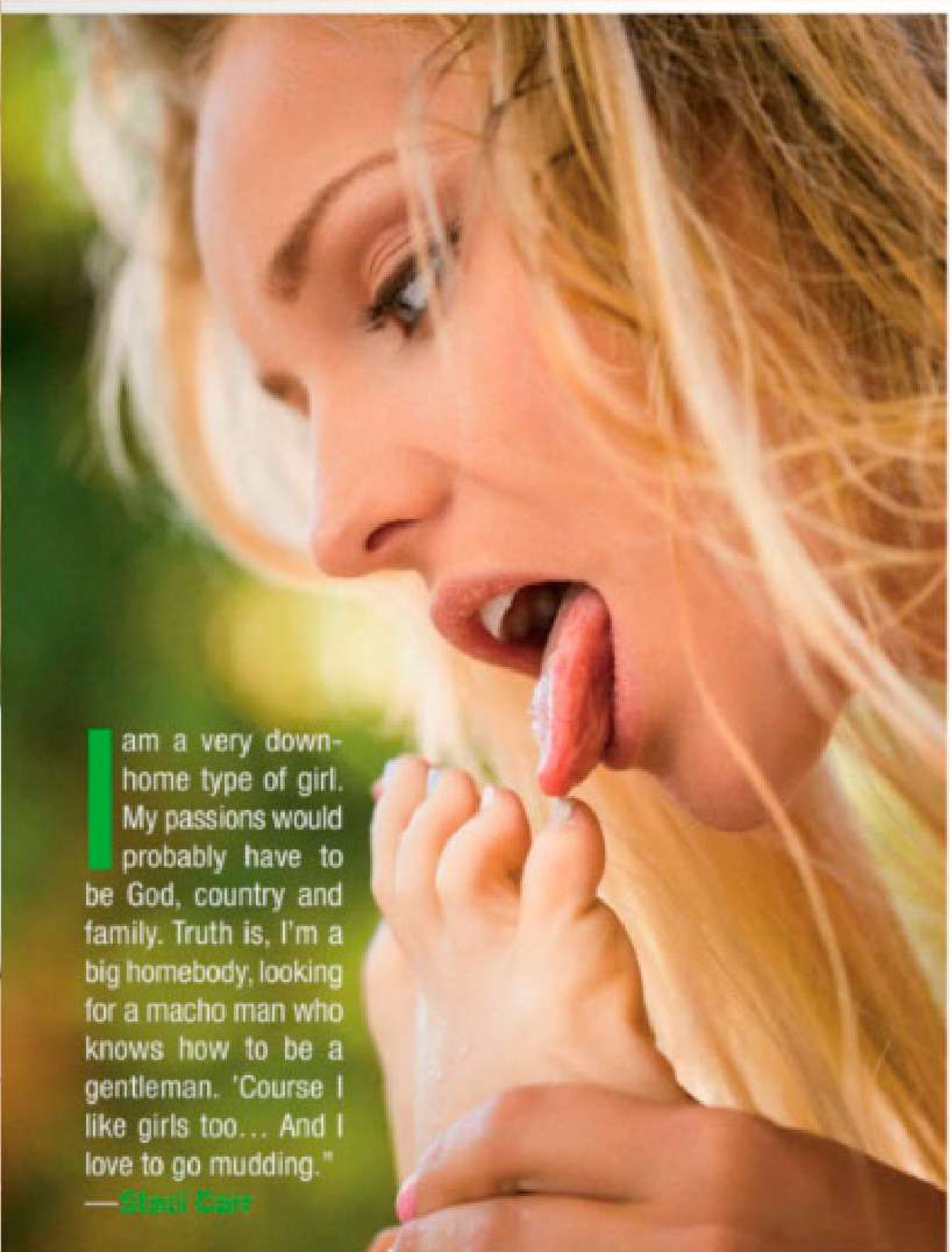
NIKI LEE YOUNG & STACI CARR

HEAVENLY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM

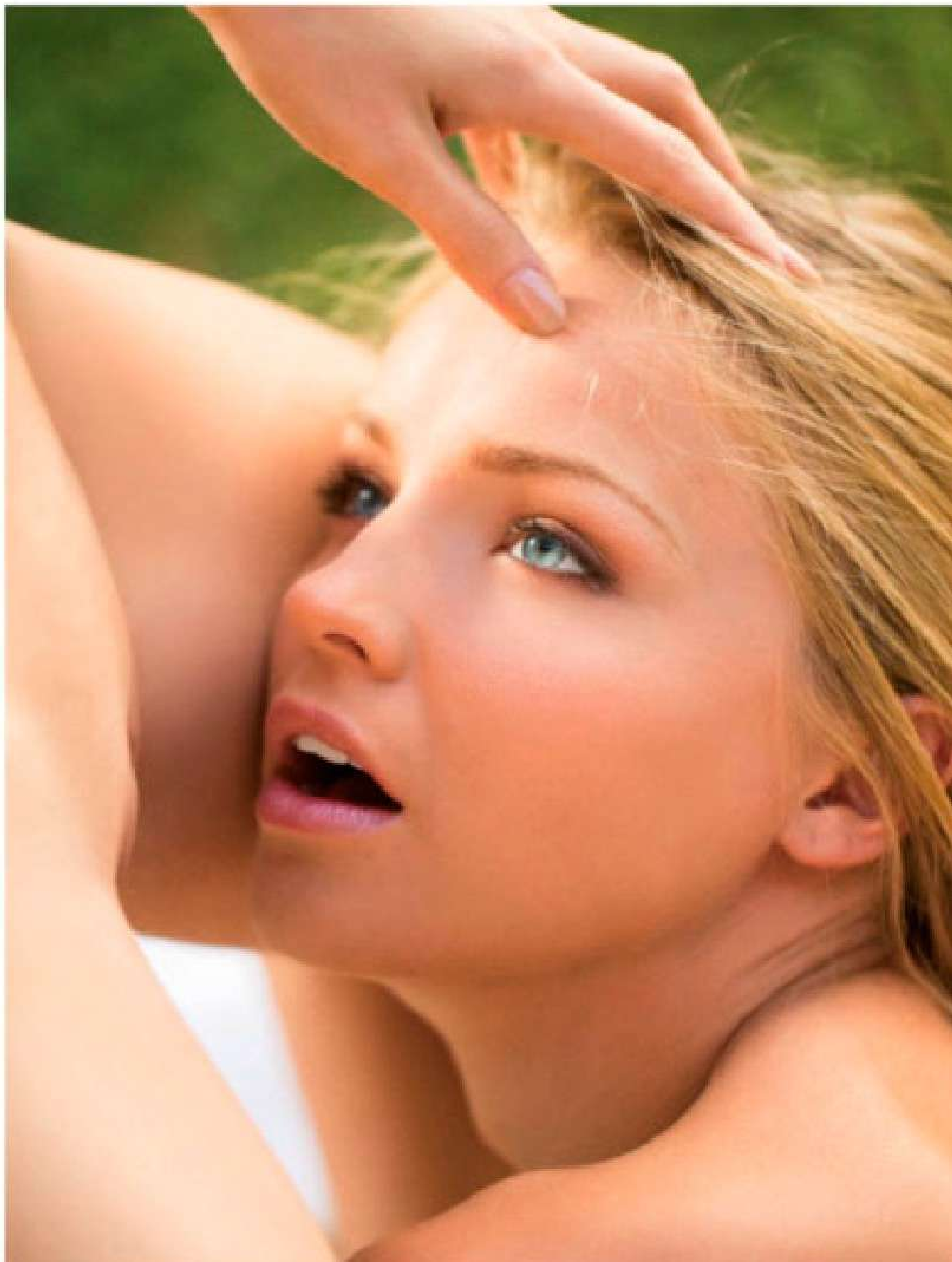
Girl-girl encounters have been my best sex so far. Something about the way a girl knows how to eat my pussy right. My best fantasy is me, Angelina and Brad Pitt for a whole 24 hours. Funny, when I was younger, I used to look through HUSTLER and daydream about that being me one day. Now look. :-)"

—Niki Lee



I am a very down-home type of girl. My passions would probably have to be God, country and family. Truth is, I'm a big homebody, looking for a macho man who knows how to be a gentleman. 'Course I like girls too… And I love to go mudding."

—Staci Carr



STACI'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Omaha, Nebraska** | AGE: **21** | HEIGHT: **5-3** MEASUREMENTS: **34B-26-37** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Missionary or doggy** | TWITTER: **@StaciCarrXXX**

NIKI LEE'S VITAL FACTS

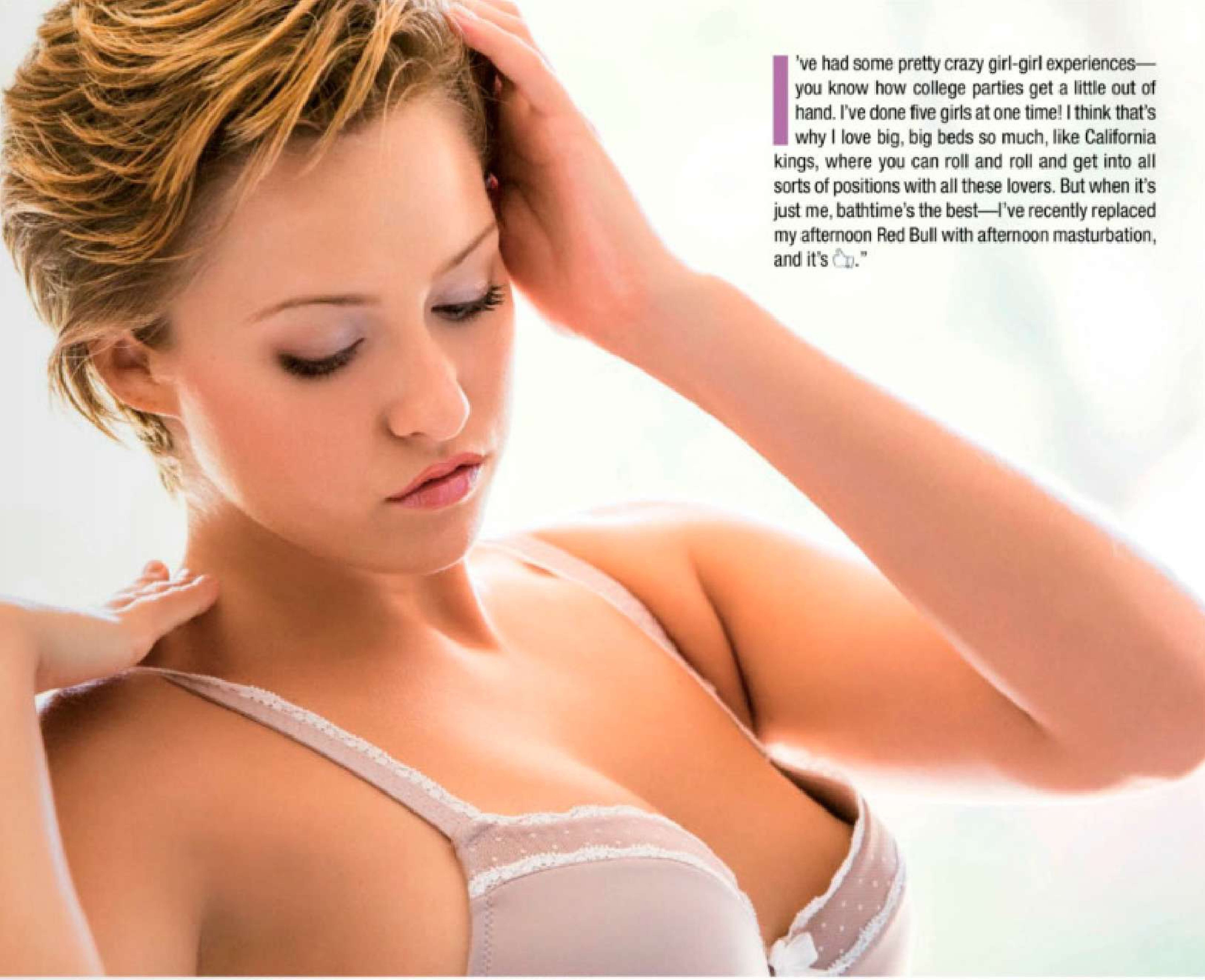
HOMETOWN: **Wallingford, Connecticut** | AGE: **28**
HEIGHT: **5-4** | MEASUREMENTS: **34B-24-36**
FAVORITE POSITIONS: **Doggy and reverse cowgirl**
TWITTER: **@NikiLeeYoung**

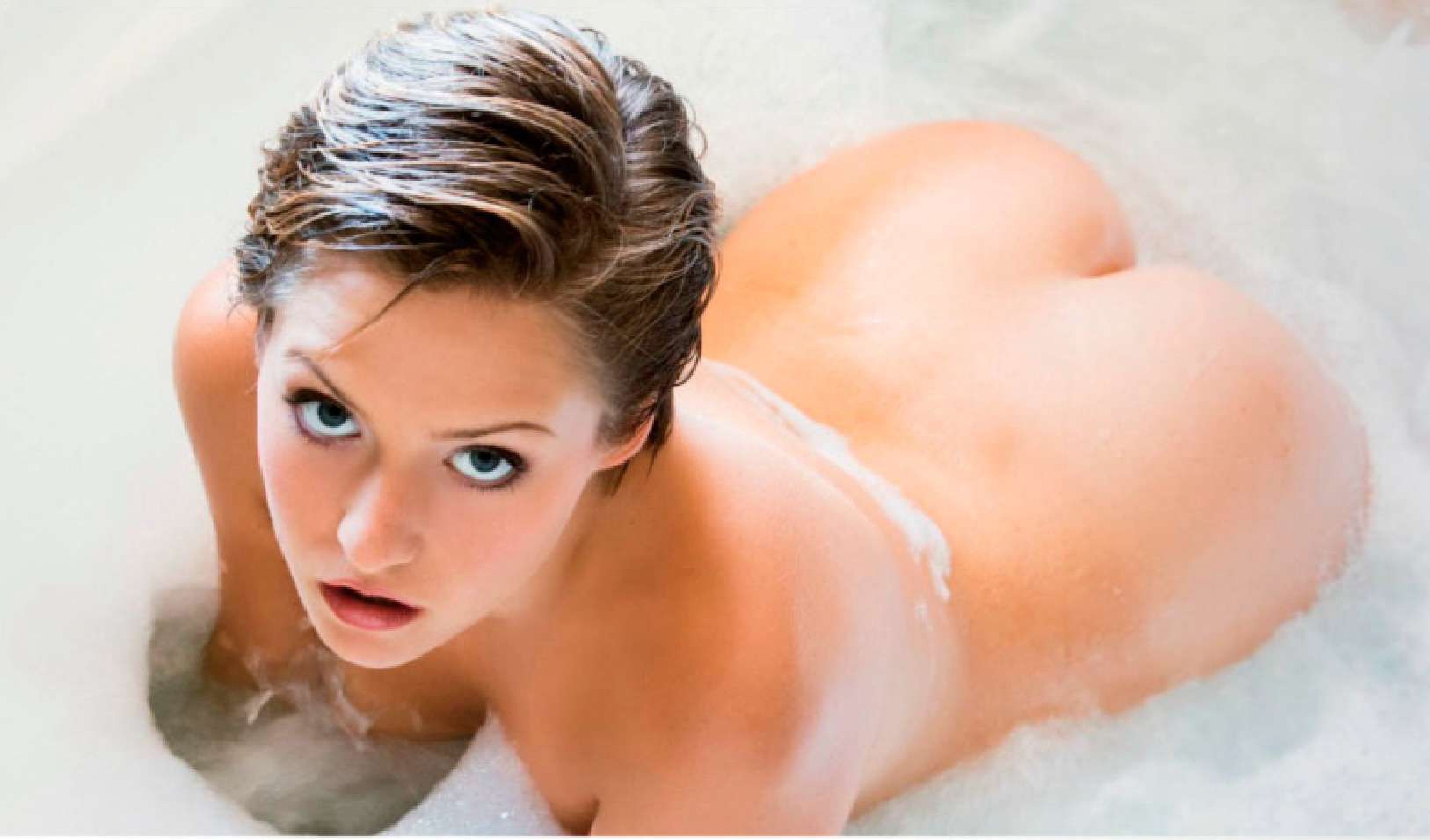
BAILEY
BAE

WET

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM

I've had some pretty crazy girl-girl experiences—you know how college parties get a little out of hand. I've done five girls at one time! I think that's why I love big, big beds so much, like California kings, where you can roll and roll and get into all sorts of positions with all these lovers. But when it's just me, bathtime's the best—I've recently replaced my afternoon Red Bull with afternoon masturbation, and it's 👍."





BAILEY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **State College, Pennsylvania**
AGE: **19** | HEIGHT: **5-6** | MEASUREMENTS: **34B-24-34**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Missionary**
TWITTER: **@BaileyBaeXXX**

Touch my pretty pussy!
xoxo,
Bailey

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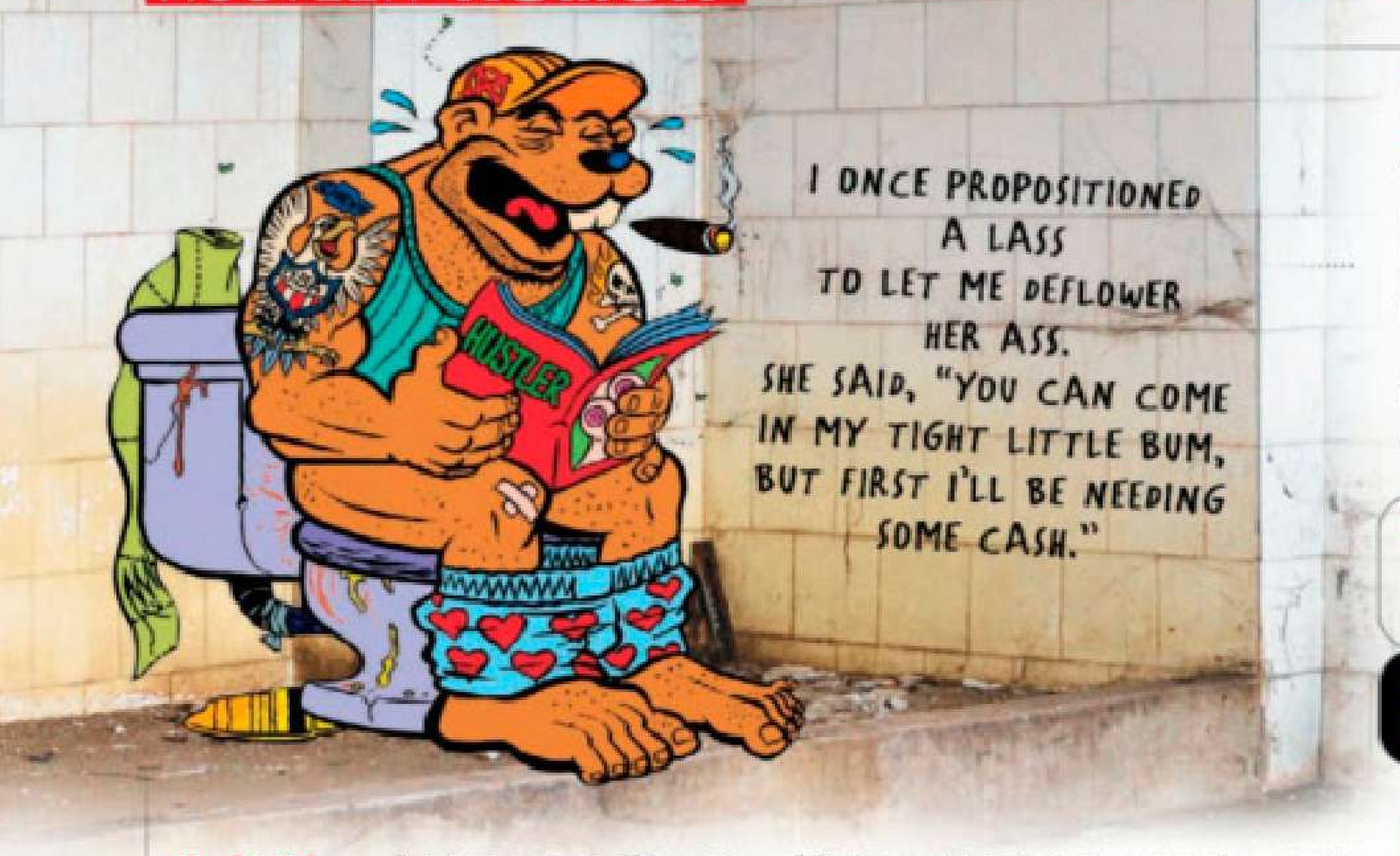

I ONCE PROPOSITIONED A LASS TO LET ME DEFLOWER HER ASS. SHE SAID, "YOU CAN COME IN MY TIGHT LITTLE BUM, BUT FIRST I'LL BE NEEDING SOME CASH."
HUSTLER

Little Bobby bragged, "Mommy, I'm going to be just like Daddy when I grow up."

His mother replied, "I'm sorry, dear, but you can't do both."

Question: **How can you tell if a pig is in heat?**

Answer: She buys the first three rounds.

A reporter, returning to Kuwait for the first time since the Gulf War, was impressed by the sociological changes in the country. On previous visits she had noted that women walked about five paces behind their men at all times. Now, she observed, women were walking ahead of their husbands by at least 20 paces.

Curious, the reporter approached one of the wives for an explanation. "To what do you attribute this remarkable role reversal?" she inquired.

The Kuwaiti woman just frowned and said, "Land mines."

Question: **What's the longest sentence in the English language?**

Answer: I do.

Harold had been pounding brews at the pub all night. When he was about as drunk as he could possibly get, some college kids noticed his condition and decided to be good Samaritans by taking him home. So they stood him up to get his wallet and find out where he lived, but he fell down. In fact, he fell down eight more times on the way to the car, each time with a real thud.

Finally they made it to his house, only to have him drop to the ground another four times on the way to the door. When Harold's wife answered the bell, one of the boys announced, "We brought your husband home."

"Oh, that's nice of you kids," the wife said, "but where's his wheelchair?"

When one wino noticed another lush eating grapes, he ran up to him in a panic. "Man, what are you doing? You have to wait!"

Newly licensed real estate agent Chris wrote an ad for a house he had recently listed. The house had a second-floor suite that could be accessed using a lift-chair that slid along the staircase. Describing this feature, he inadvertantly made it sound even more attractive: "Mother-in-law suite comes with electric chair."

Question: **What does it mean when a man says, "Take a break, honey—you're working too hard"?**

Answer: He can't hear the game over the vacuum cleaner.

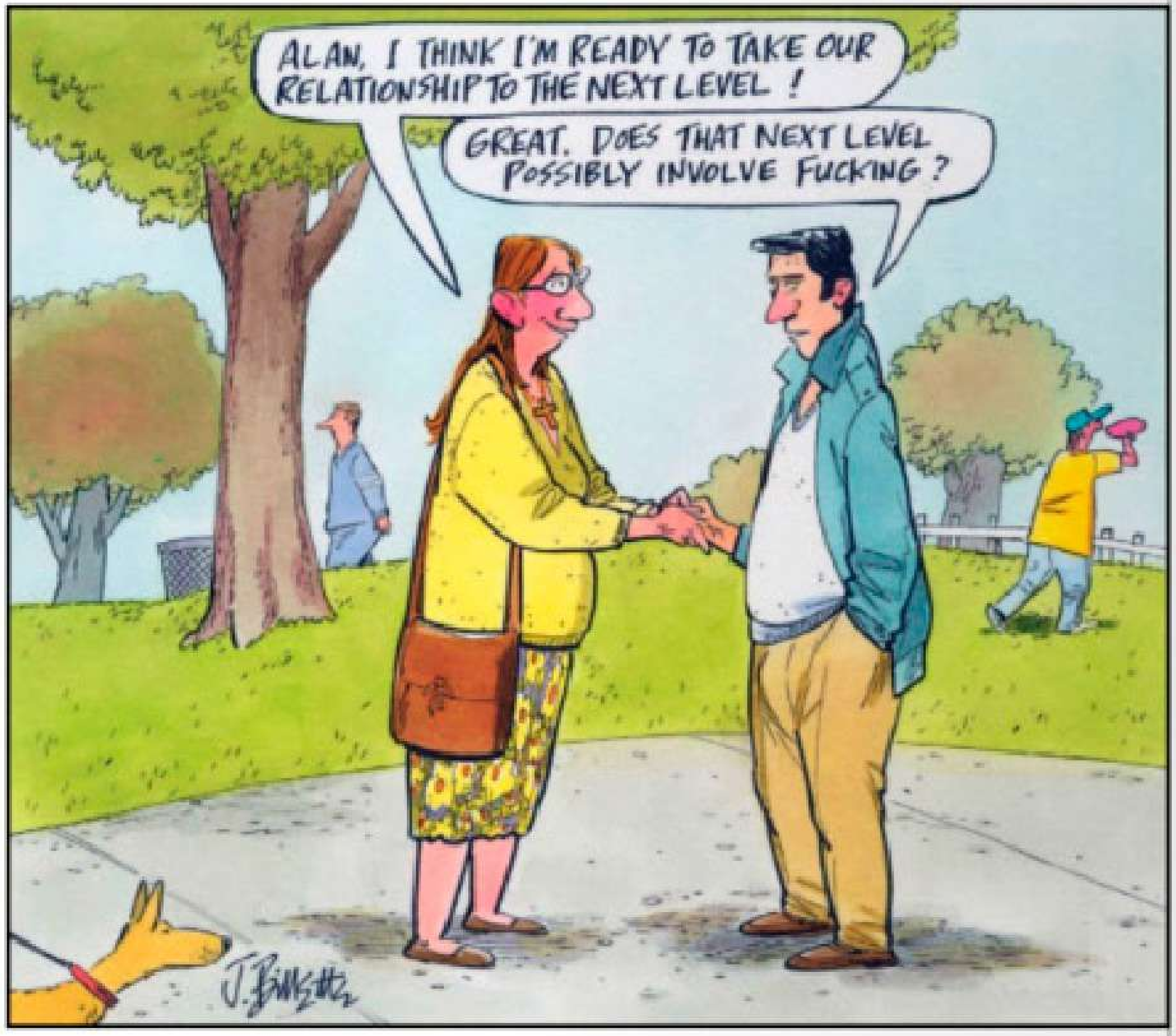
My wife's an angel," slurred a drunk to his buddy at the bar.

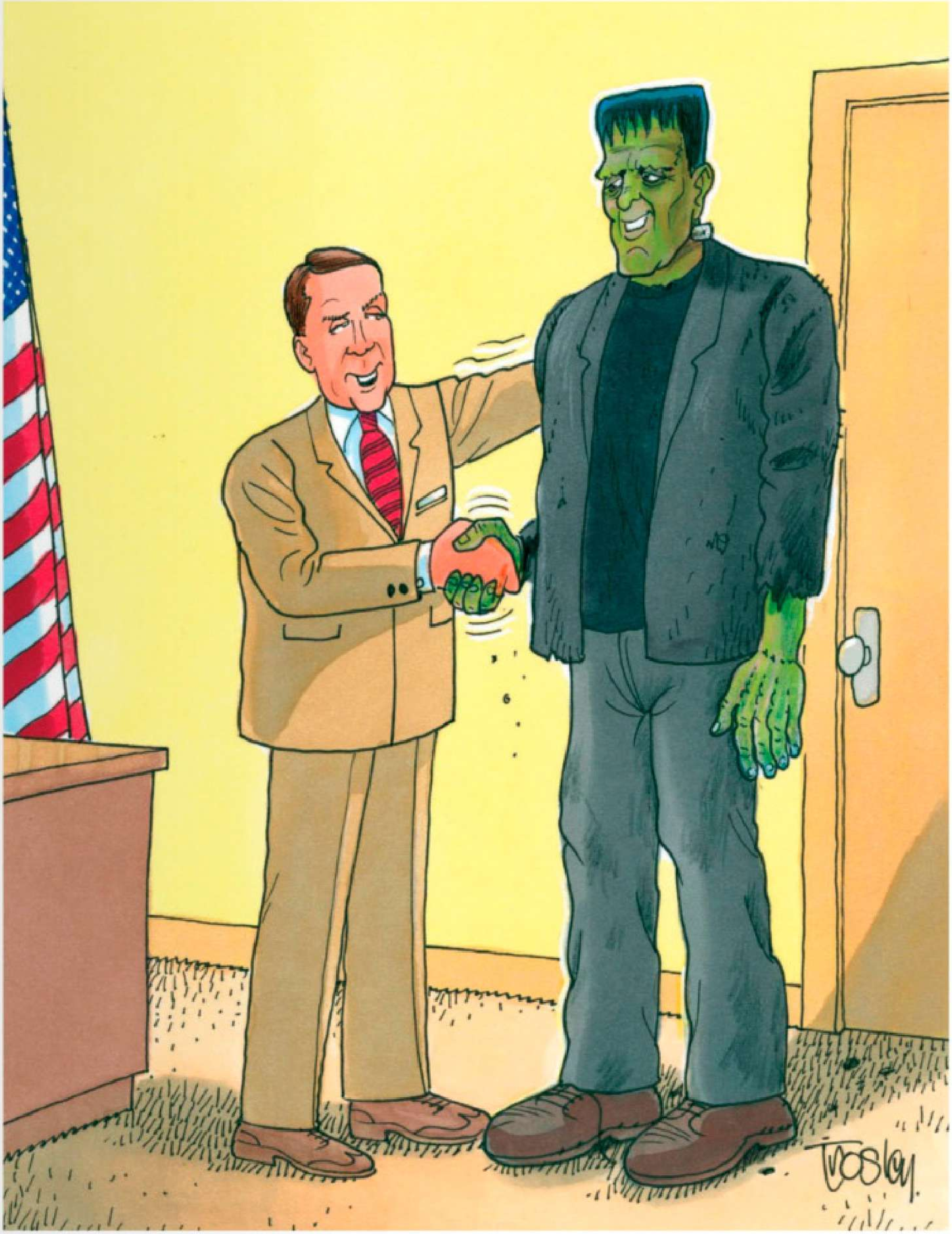
"Lucky you," said his buddy. "Mine's still alive."

Question: **What's better than winning a gold medal at the Special Olympics?**

Answer: Not being retarded.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!


ALAN, I THINK I'M READY TO TAKE OUR RELATIONSHIP TO THE NEXT LEVEL!
GREAT. DOES THAT NEXT LEVEL POSSIBLY INVOLVE FUCKING?



"We'd be proud to have you as a member of the Republican Party.
We specialize in terrorizing villages!"

MASTER *of* ONDI

As the world salivates over the movie release of *50 Shades of Grey*, we offer a twist on kink-lit's fertile origins.

Fiction by Ernest Greene
Photography by Ken Marcus

Written on a dare as a birthday gift for her lover, Pauline Réage's *Story of O* was never meant to be published. But the story of a young girl's induction into the world of ultimate submission was simply too compelling to stay hidden. In print since 1954, *Story of O* continues to captivate. Following Réage's lead, most BDSM fiction is from the submissive point of view. But what do we know about the mysterious and powerful men to whom women enslave themselves? In this tale of calculated dominance, *Taboo* Magazine Editor Ernest Greene lets us slip into the skin of the man with the whip. >>

NE

"Sir, please, Sir. Begging permission to come," Ondine gasped.

"There'll be a price for it."

Ondine whimpered. Steven heard her desperation. She knew nothing would be given for free, but it didn't matter to her now.

"Please, Sir. Whatever you want to do to me after."

"Fair enough."

Steven slammed into her harder and faster. Wrapping one hand around her throat, he supported himself on the other so he could look down into her scarlet face. Ondine sputtered at the light choking, but went completely rigid from head to toe, grinding only her pelvis against him. She tossed her head back and forth, letting out screams that were astonishingly loud for such a small woman.

Steven unchained Ondine from the bed and sat her up slowly, holding and kissing her until he was confident the dizziness had faded.

"Take off your shoes and get moving, indolent whore," he said in a disarming tone.

He watched her every move, noticing her surprising grace as she walked to the suspension bar and stood obediently beneath it. Steven held her close, lifting her arms so her still-cuffed hands could slide into the padded straps, which he buckled just tight enough so she'd feel secure.

Steven went to the controls on the wall-mounted hoist and slowly took her up until she was stretched taut, taking just enough weight on the balls of her feet to keep her arms from hurting. Ondine's high arches would eventually cramp, but that was part of it.

Steven chose a short, single-tail whip. It was thick and beautifully woven in red and black with a feathered end. He threw it over his shoulder and circled Ondine like a matador, picking his targets. Her hard, little butt seemed the right place to start. The leather swished through the air, the feathered end connecting with a sharp report. Ondine twitched, but that was all she could do. Steven concentrated his attention back there for a bit, alternating sides as always, laying on neat, straight stripes. He gently wrapped her a couple of times, bringing the tails up on her belly.

"I like that whip," she said. "It feels just right."

Steven went to work on the front of her body. It was a trickier business. It took precision to avoid snagging her nipple rings. Soon Ondine's tits and belly were also striped as the blood rushed to where Steven placed his lashings. Coiling the single-tail, he smacked at her engorged pinkness, making her dance involuntarily. Each time she went out of position, she quickly turned back to present again. Steven smiled.

"Do your feet hurt?"

"They're starting to." >>

"I'm going to cane them next."

"I thought you might, Sir."

"Then I'm going to cane your ass and fuck it."

"Please, yes, Sir. I've been waiting for that. But if you're going to fuck me there, it would be very generous of you to let me pee first so I don't lose control when I come."

He reached up and freed her from the suspension straps. Rather than letting her sink into his arms, he took her under the collar and made her stay on tiptoe as he led her over to the floor drain.

"You can squat down right here," he told her, "legs open, please."

Ondine's face took on a scornful look.

"I do know how to piss like a proper slave, Sir."

Lowering herself over the drain, she stayed up on her aching arches and spread her knees wide.

"May I suck you while I do it?"

"Of course. I expect it when I'm so generous with you."

Taking him in her mouth, Ondine easily let go a surging stream from between her legs with no inhibitions at all, tinkling musically on the steel strainer over the hole in the floor. Deftly holding her balance, she lifted her head just enough to wrap her lips and tongue around the head of his cock, while emptying her bladder as noisily as possible. Steven could have enjoyed her labors for longer, but his ability to stick to the plan despite pleasant distractions was essential to how he operated.

Steven walked Ondine back to the bed, once again controlling her by the rings on her collar and the base of the steel shaft continually invading her from behind.

He positioned her on all fours, parallel to the mirror, pressed her shoulders down until her breasts and face rested on the surface.

From a basket he brought out a thin, rattan cane and traced her back with its tip down to her tailbone.

The impacts on Ondine's backside came precisely spaced at ten-second intervals. The cane bit deep each time, laying rows of double welts over the now pink curvature of Ondine's ass. She held perfectly still, though the strokes were like lightning bolts.

After ten stripes to each buttock, he saved five more for each of her feet, which he ordered her to raise. He knew it was very trying for her to keep them elevated as the cane seared her delicate arches, but that was the point. Something good was coming soon.

"Take the plug out now, please. I have other uses for that hole."

"Of course, Sir," Ondine said. "No girl is really a slave until she's given her ass to her Master."

"Well put."

Ondine slowly withdrew the steel bulb from her depths. It emerged with a wet pop, accompanied by a small squeal. She dropped it into the kick bucket next to the bed with a loud clang.

Steven watched as Ondine composed herself on the bed, neatly aligned with the mirrors around her so she could be viewed from every angle. Crossing her hands on the bed, she lowered her head and lifted her other end as high as possible. Every movement was beautiful and graceful.

Stroking Ondine's back, Steven watched her relax around her newly unblocked orifice, which gaped slightly. The heavy steel had worked well to open the channel.

Steven squeezed some gel onto his fingertips, rubbing it into the outer rings of Ondine's flexing muscles. They easily yielded to his touch. She was no stranger to this.

Steven put another squirt of lube on himself and took careful aim at the tiny target, slipping in a millimeter at a time, feeling Ondine's tightest passage give way to him. She sighed, her whole body seeming to go soft and floppy around the rigid object invading it.

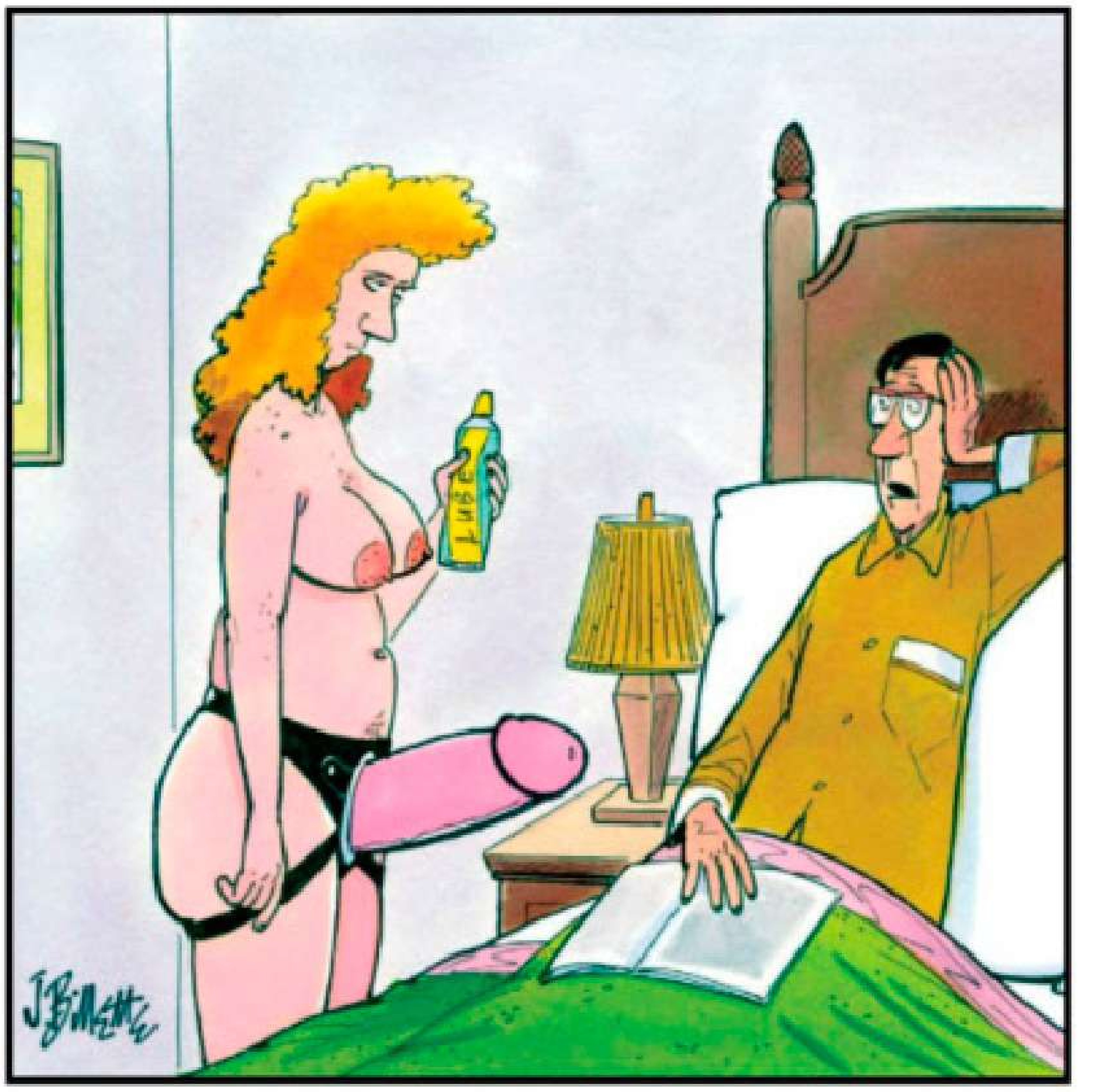
He slid in and out of her slowly, rotating in lazy circles, holding her fast against him with an iron grasp around her hips. Then he held still and slid her back and forth, impaling her on him repeatedly. Her breathing grew heavier, and she gave a low, guttural growl, more animal than human.

The climax swept over Ondine with surprising suddenness. She froze, back rising, every muscle tensed inside and out, and howled for the permission that she had earned.

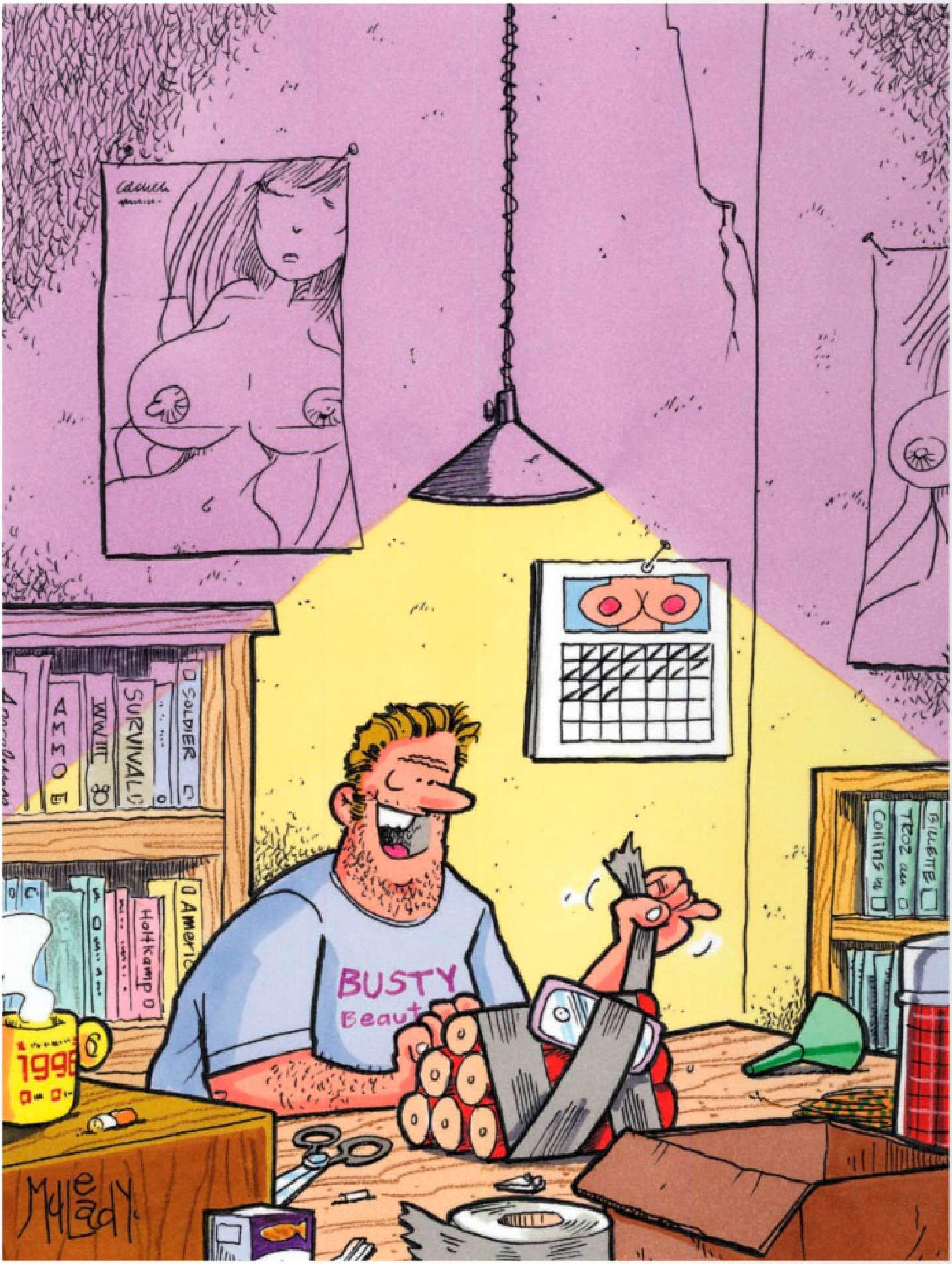
As soon as Ondine's spasms ceased, Steven started pounding into her. Looking down at her, back, ass and legs shining with sweat and lube, covered in stripes and splotches, he hammered her mercilessly. Steven felt the internal rippling again, slid out almost to the point of exiting, then slowly pushed all the way into Ondine, coming in waves, a contraction at each stopping point.

Ondine made a purring sound deep in her throat. It told Steven she would always fulfill his demands without hesitation. This was what she needed, and she had found, at last, the man who could give it to her. H

Ernest Greene's Master of O *is available from* **MasterofO.com**.



"Oh, gosh—not tonight, sweetheart!
I've got such a headache!"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HEATHER JOY

VALERIE WHITE

NATALIE LUST

EVE EVANS

CALLIE CALYPSO

STEPMOM SEDUCTION

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** BUD FOX. **STARRING:** MIKKI LYNN, SIMONE SONAY, SINDY LANGE, ALEKTRA BLUE, JEWELS JADE, BRICK DANGER, BRADLEY REMINGTON, MARK ZANE, RICHIE CALHOUN, JACKSON FORD & ALEC KNIGHT.

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JEWELS JADE

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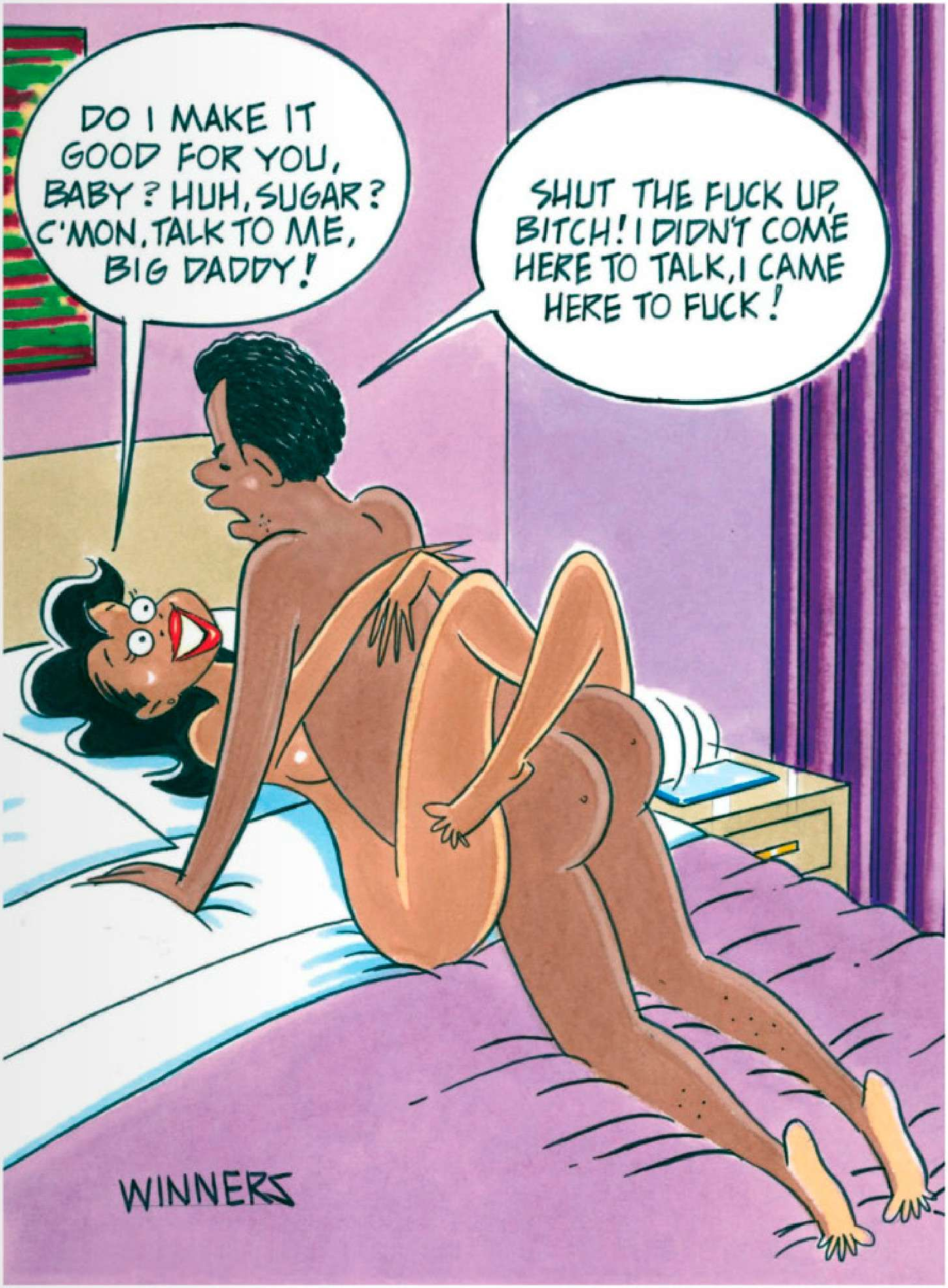
DO I MAKE IT GOOD FOR YOU, BABY ? HUH, SUGAR ? C'MON, TALK TO ME, BIG DADDY !
SHUT THE FUCK UP, BITCH ! I DIDN'T COME HERE TO TALK, I CAME HERE TO FUCK !
WINNERS

LIZA DEL SIERRA

FRENCH CONNECTION

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT
PRODUCTIONS

I like curves. I like real women with tits and ass who take care of their bodies. Women who are very, very sexual," this porn star from Pontoise, France, tells us. "But I don't really have a favorite scene to shoot. I just need to feel like I'm sharing something with my partner. It can be a girl or guy or ten girls or ten guys. I want to feel like they're here for my pleasure, instead of just showing up for a check. I like to go home thinking, *Oh, I had sex!* Not, *I did a job.*"

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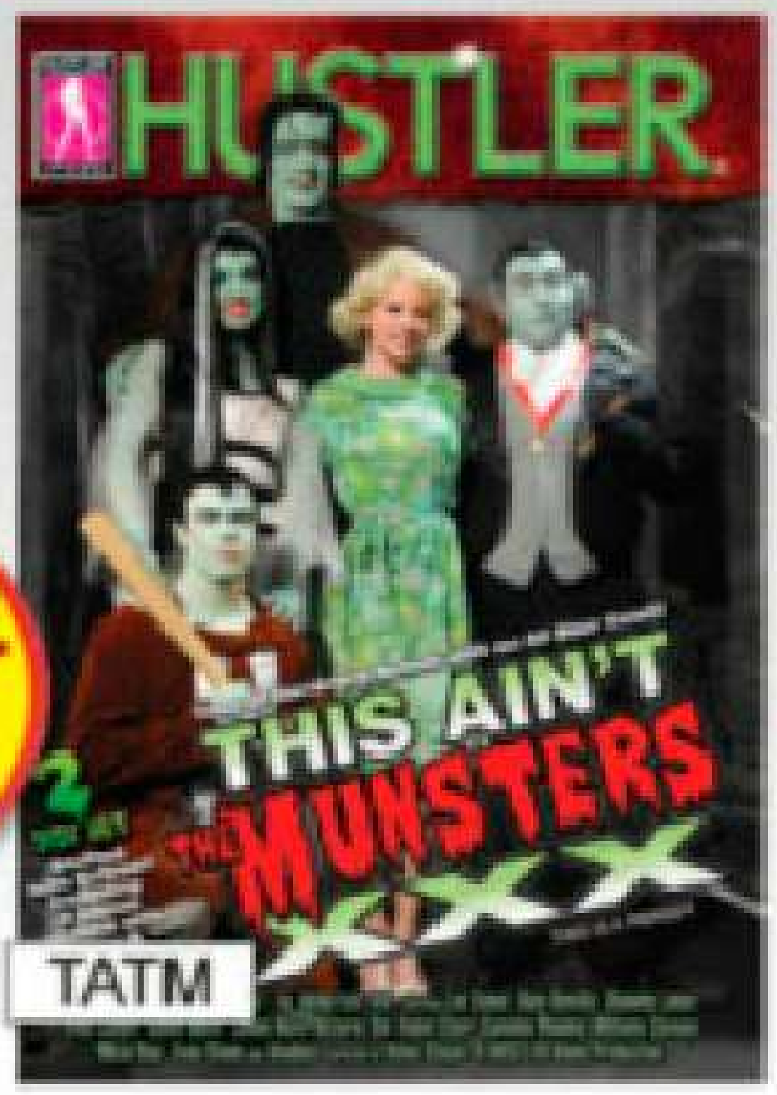
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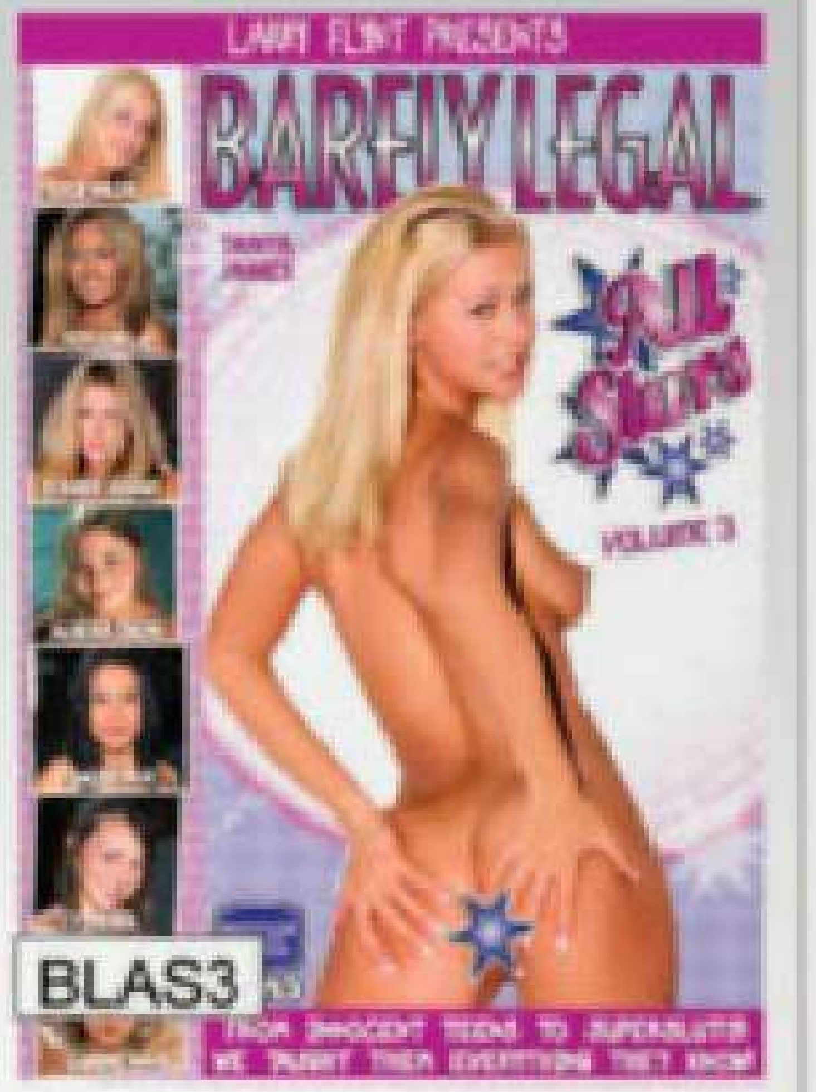
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STEPMOM Seduction

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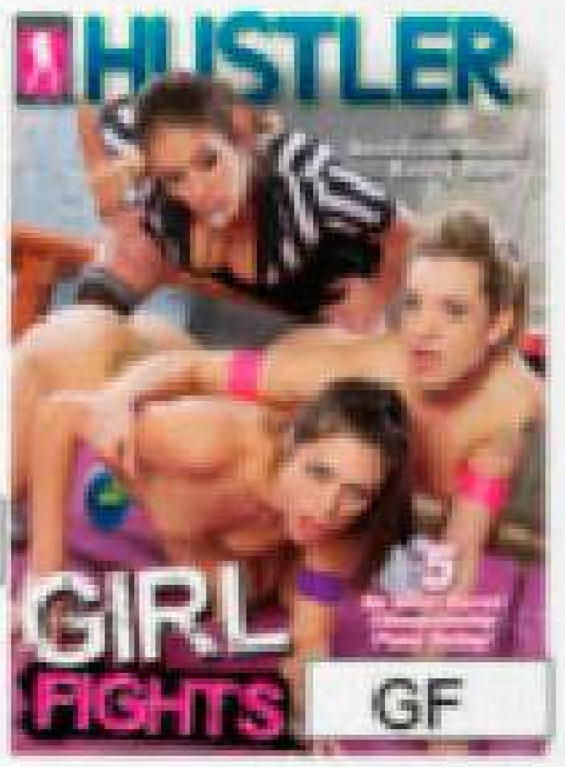
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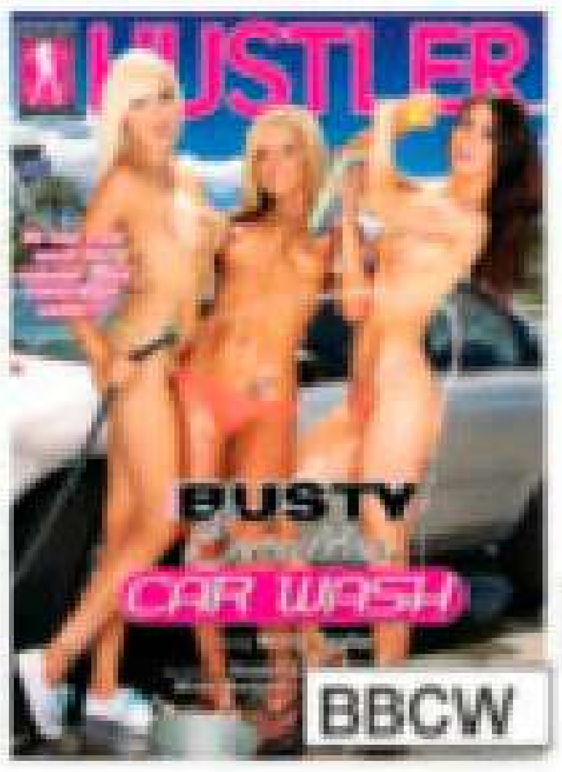
THIS AIN'T GIRLS XXX
THIS IS A PARODY
TAG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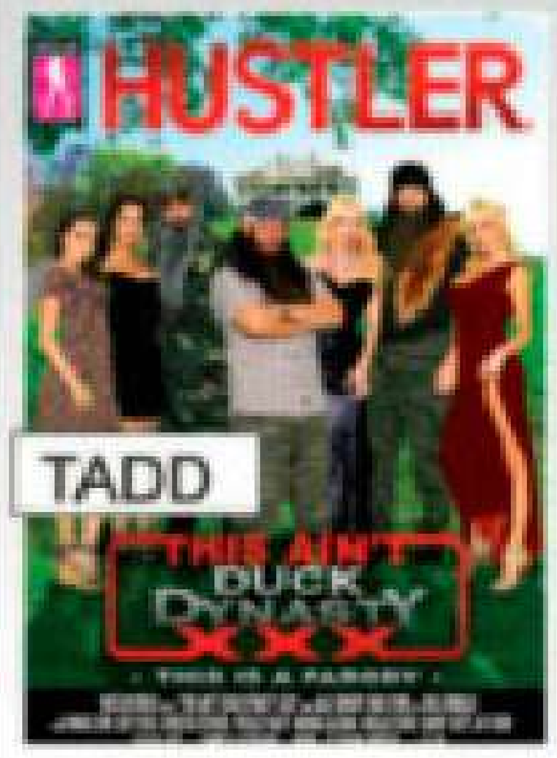
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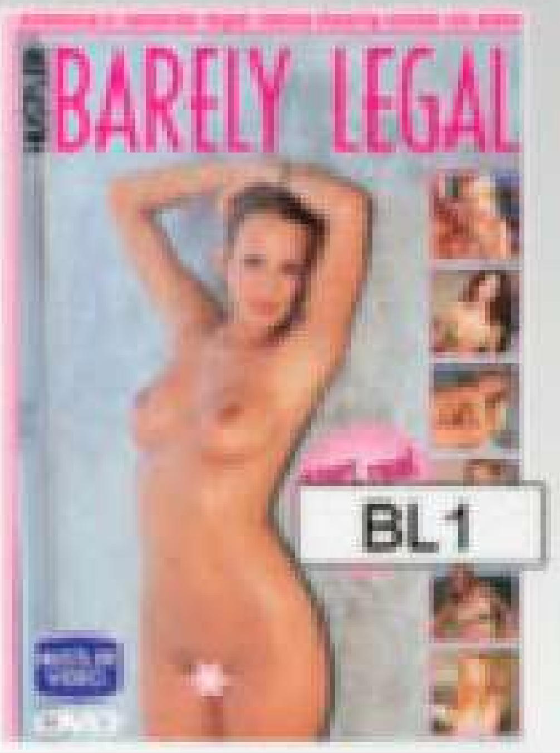
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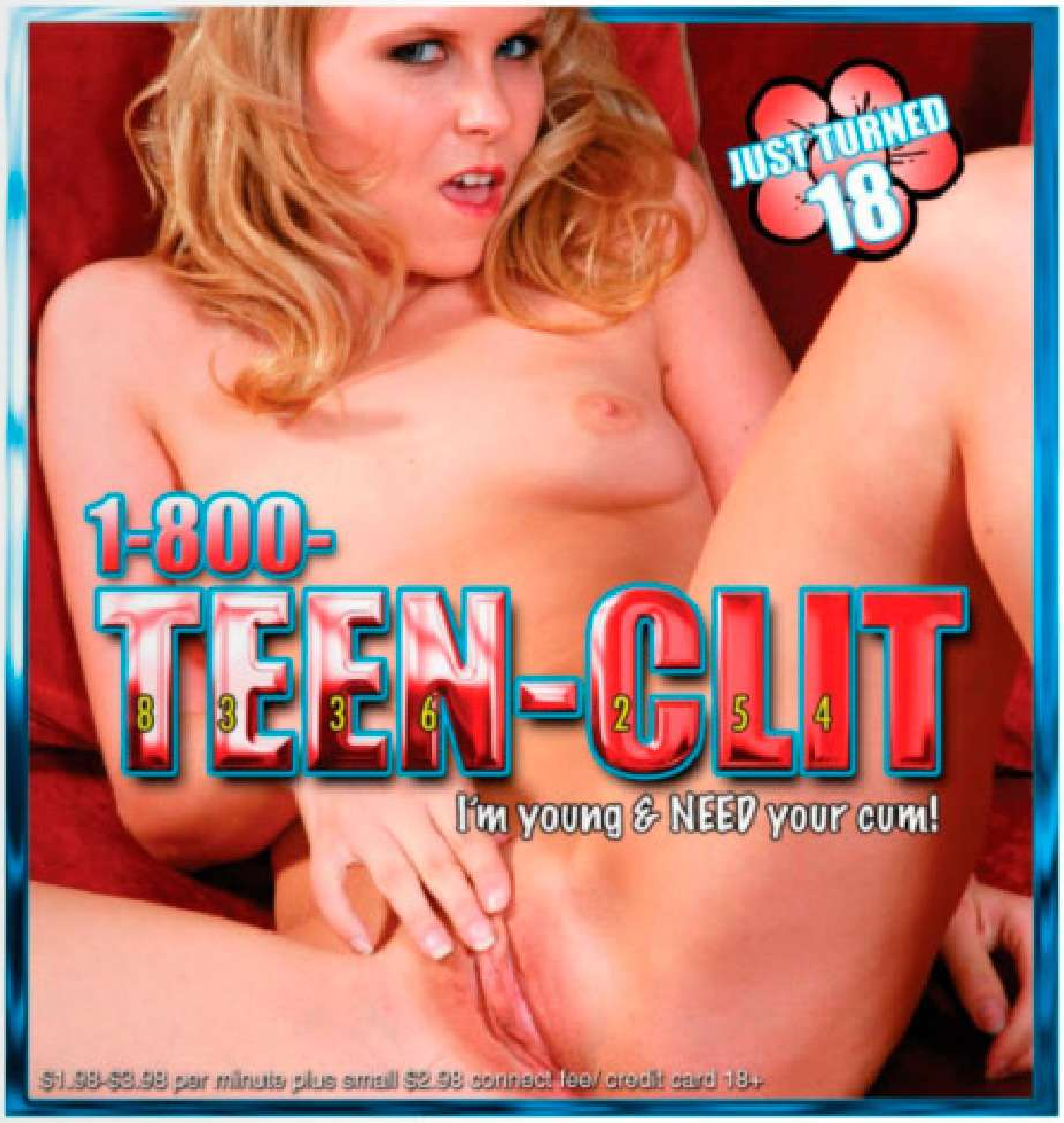

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BEAVER HUNT

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KIMI AMOR

"HUSTLER is a fun magazine and full of information," touts Kimi Amor, 24, a "bubbly, random and boisterous" entertainer from Albuquerque, New Mexico. "I love that it has a variety of women." Our diversity has now been embellished by the 5-foot-1 painting, fitness and pole-dancing devotee, whose first taste of public nudity was her version of *American Horror Story*. (Kimi's a die-hard fan of that TV hit, along with *Weeds*, music—Santigold, Morcheeba, No Doubt, Leftöver Crack—Korean grub and an invigorating beverage.) "About six years ago I stopped for coffee and knocked over the container," Kimi recalls. "Coffee spilt all over my legs, so I pulled down my pants. FYI: I didn't have panties on. I screamed as I looked up and saw men staring at me with shock." It's a totally different story these days: "I love showing off my body. Everyone should be comfortable in their own skin." But why did it take so long to bring up sexual chitchat? "Patience is the key," Kimi avows. "The best things come to those who wait. I'm dominant, flirty, seductive and bi. I love doggy, me on top, anal once in a while and being imaginative all the time." *—Photos by JMR Foto*

"My sexual imagination will exceed any of your expectations."

"One of my favorite fantasies is having a hot guy show up at my door with no shirt on and with honey he's ready to lick off my feet, legs and pussy."

Twitter.com/Envme00 • Twitter.com/Hashtag/PoisonIveyEnt

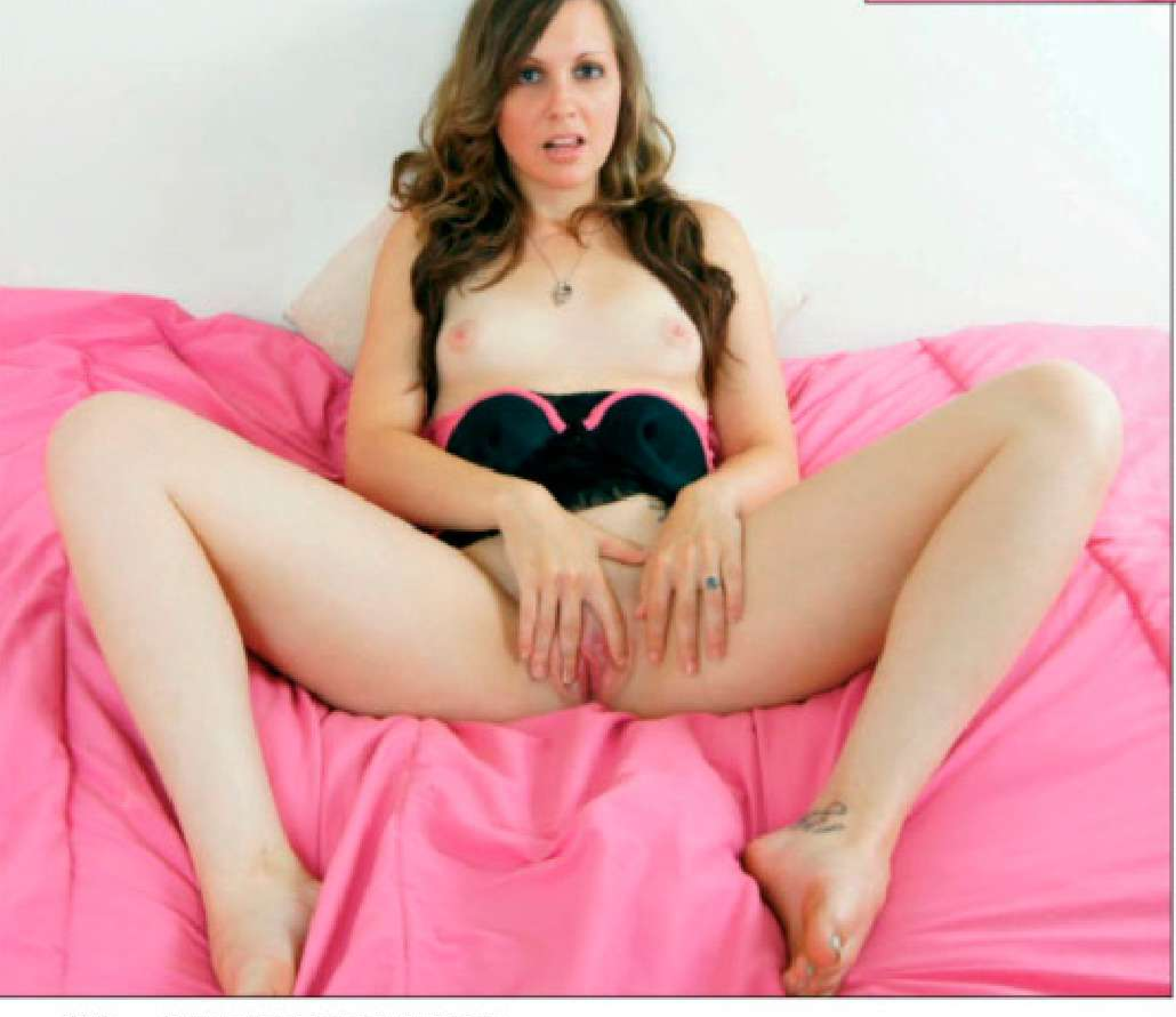
CHYNA DOLL

February honors a prognosticating groundhog and sentimental lovebirds. So we've found the perfect time to unwrap a Gopher State denizen who's extremely amorous in her private life and professionally. "Thank you so much for the opportunity to show off my beauty and sex appeal," coos Chyna Doll, 23, a self-described "outgoing, lovable, kissable and irresistible gal" from Minneapolis, Minnesota. "My hobbies are reading, watching TV, going to movies, fishing, gardening, sports, shopping, listening to music, dancing, traveling, exercise and socializing." The 5-foot-2 hottie combines the last three when she's up for "layovers" in Carson City, Nevada. "I'm a working girl at Love Ranch North," Chyna explains, "and I love helping people. It brings the ultimate joy to heart." She sure boasts a hearty boudoir menu: "I can be very seductive and aggressive; yet I'll be submissive if that's my partner's wish. My favorite positions are scissors and doggy-style. My fetish is fucking sexy women with a big dildo. My specialties are a tight pussy and squirting. And my goal is to entertain HUSTLER readers in the flesh." *—Photos by JMR Foto*

Twitter.com/ChynaDollLRN • email: ChynaDoll@LoveRanch.net

"I hope your Valentine's Day fantasy is wanting to hang with naked little me. I'll be happy to make it come true."

"My 21st birthday is gonna rock: a romantic bath together, seductive massages, intense foreplay and the whole ball of wax."



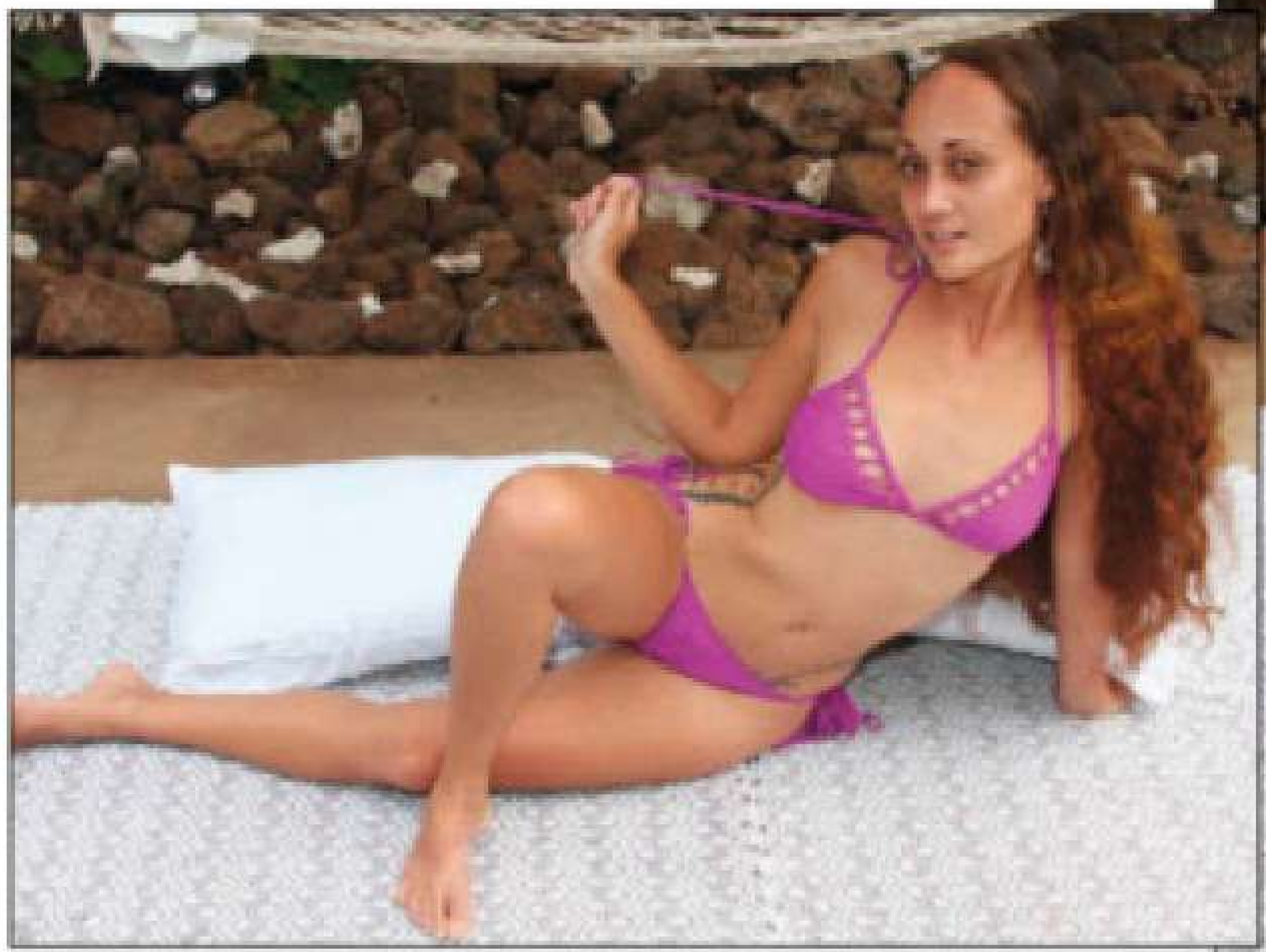
CAITCRUX

"The female body is beautiful in its bare state," raves this "nerdy and kindhearted" nursing assistant from Ravenna, Ohio. "That's when a woman can be most confident and best admired." Caitcrux, who'll be hitting the 21 milestone in February, is an exceptionally admirable cutie pie. "It's fun playing for the camera and seeing how the pictures turn out," the 5-foot-5 gaming, mudding, hiking, soccer, rock music and Facebook enthusiast marvels. "It helps working with one of the best photographers out there." Not averse to revealing her sexual inclinations, Caitcrux continues, "I'm a straight lover and a bit of a control freak in the bedroom. I adore teasing, and I can get a little rough and kinky. I'm also oral-fixated. I tend to bite, and I absolutely love giving head. I could do it all day every day, but then I'd miss out on all the rest. My favorite positions are 69, cowgirl and anything involving me being pressed up against a wall. Oh, yeah, I'm a down-and-dirty country girl. I've had sex in the woods and in truck beds when my fiancé and I go mudding. My fantasy is to join the Mile-High Club on our honeymoon."

—Photos by DavidKPhoto.com

Facebook.com/CutiepieCrux

"My pussy gets wet whenever I think about the night I first experienced my fiancé eating me out and then picking me up and pinning me against the wall. I don't have to say what came next!"



"I wanna be more than just my husband's valentine!"

NATALEE

"I've never been in the snow, but I think I'm gonna like it," reckons Natalee, 26, a brand-new resident of Buffalo, New York, who's eager to be seen in the buff: "I'm a hot MILF, and I wanted to show everyone my body after having three kids." Paddling, hula dancing, softball and watching *Weeds* are some of Natalee's pastimes, but being a fantastic mom and wife is her favorite endeavor. "I keep things organized, and once the kids are tucked in, I become very playful," the 5-foot-7 rap aficionada lays on us. "But I don't like rushing into things. I'm demanding when it comes to foreplay and taking lots of time before my kitty is fucked. Doggy is best. I did anal once 'cause I'll try anything. It's just not my cup of tea, but being spanked turns me on." So does being a ribald sightseer at a natural wonder: "One of my fantasies is to have sex at Niagara Falls, but I'm gonna have to wait. I don't wanna get frostbite!" —*Photos by Kickback Productions*

KIKI

"I always thought it would be interesting to appear naked in a magazine," declares Kiki, 23, a "personable" exotic dancer from Laramie, Wyoming. "When the opportunity presented itself, I said why not?" When asked to list a few of her interests, the 5-foot-4 Cowboy Stater replies, "Traveling, riding my bicycle and sex." Kiki adds, "I'm definitely bi, a bit crazy in bed and very talented. I've been told I could suck a cherry through a straw." She's also a three-hole virtuoso—"I love anal but only at my discretion"—who shares a celebrity fantasy with her girlfriend: "We want to double-team Charlie Sheen and his porn-star fiancée on their wedding night."

—Photos by Christian Koa

ARE YOU AN AMATEUR EXHIBITIONIST 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER? If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* showcase wants you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $250 and a chance at posing for a layout worth up to $2,500. All lensmen of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* are entitled to a 12-issue subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the form below and provide requisite documentation. We hope to see you here soon.

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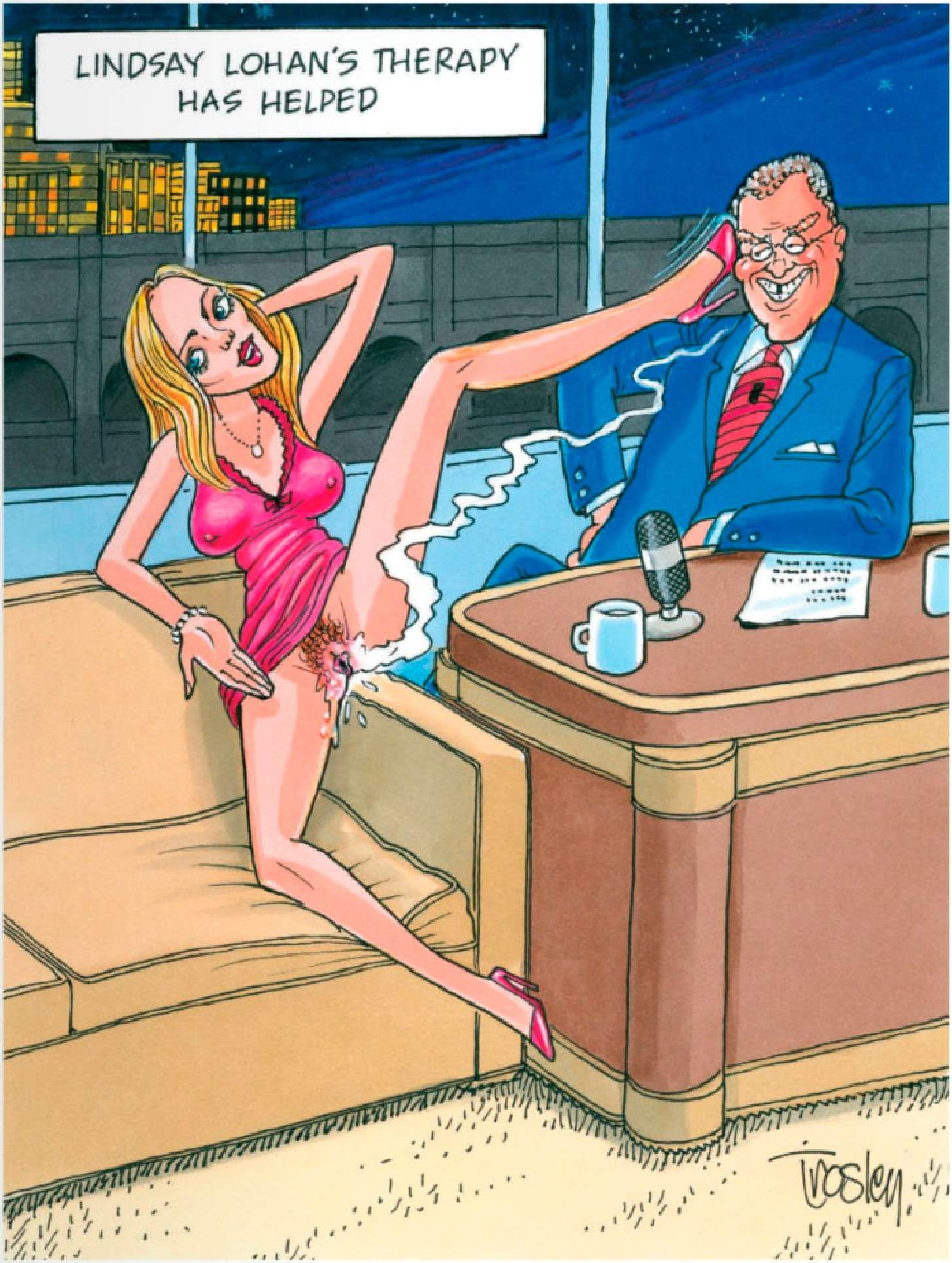
LINDSAY LOHAN'S THERAPY HAS HELPED
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"But now I've realized that *I'm* not the whore. *My pussy* is the whore!"

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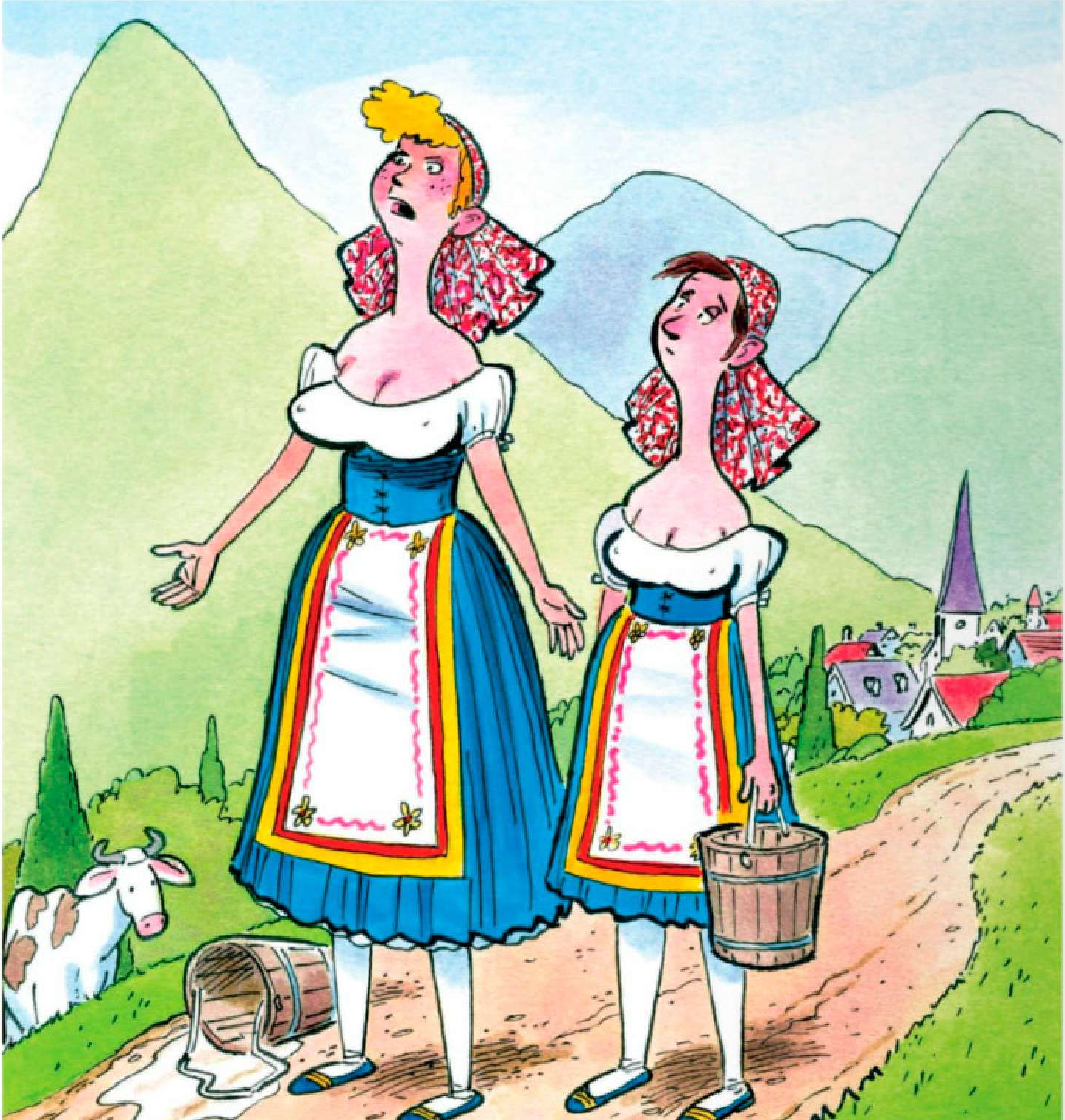

"Oh, Marika, I *hate* our stupid village! I have to get out of this country! Where are all the human sex traffickers?!"

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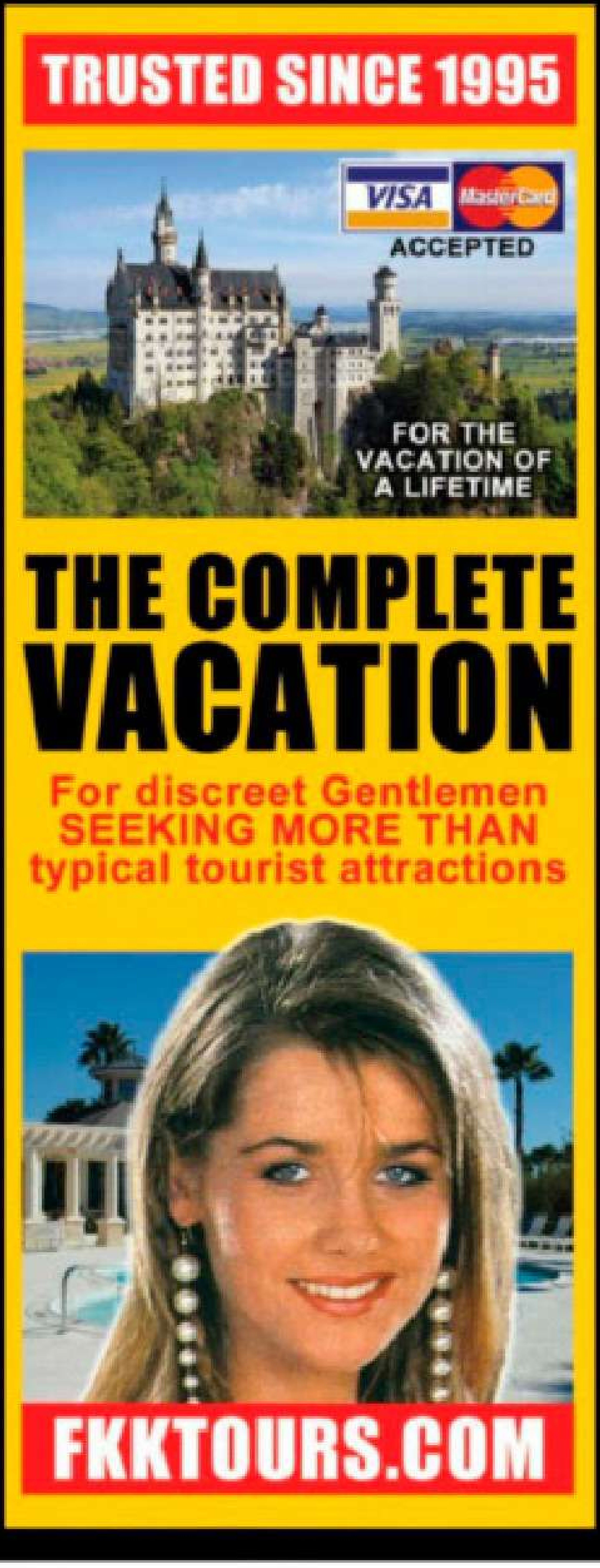

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ALLYSON RUSSELL

TAKING IT HARD

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PHOTOGRAPHY
BY SUZE RANDALL

As a model from Long Beach, California, **Allyson Russell** spends much of her free time politely but firmly refusing advances from men. If it shakes a guy up, **Allyson** is glad she did it, since she doesn't want to date men who ask her out—she wants to be taken out. "I'm a masochist," **Allyson** claims. **Allyson** tends to draw her lovers from among the aggressive, blue-collar guys she meets on the dance floor. "Physical attractiveness isn't the most important thing," the 18-year-old tells us. "I like my man to be forceful and confident, the no-nonsense type who takes me in hand and makes me do things his way. I even shave my pubic hair because my boyfriend likes it that way. If that's what he wants, it's good enough for me."

Like many girls who hope to become film stars, **Allyson** loves the atmosphere of Hollywood during the glamour era of the 1930s and '40s. She likes to dress in ultrafeminine, frilly clothes because "too many women dress and act like men. Besides, I think it turns a man on to try to make a 'lady.'" As ladies go, we think **Allyson** is made just fine.

COMING SOON

ELLENA WOODS

REVENGE OF THE COMIC-CUNTS!

The geekfest of arrested development known as Comic-Con has ravaged San Diego yet again. This time we got under the skintight costumes and superheroine skirts to show you the blowout's wettest, wildest side.

CHANEL PRESTON'S STROKE OF GENIUS

She's a piano prodigy, an accomplished artist and gives one helluva blowjob. How did an Alaskan beauty with the world at her feet decide hardcore was where she belonged—and what the fuck does it have to do with Mozart?

HOT BLACK FLASHBACK

We serve up a lot of vanilla flesh in the pages of HUSTLER, but we also swirl in plenty of mouthwatering chocolate. Feast your cocks on a XXXmas buffet of our finest juicy booty.

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